The HYP,

A

Burleſque POEM

In Five CANTO's.

Including the

ADVENTURES

OF

Sir *Valetude Whim*,

And his Retinue.

With ſome Prefatory REFLECTIONS upon Diſcontent, Natural, and Political; humbly Inſcrib'd, for their Conſolation, to ſome certain great Men who are at preſent out of Place.

Crede quod habes & habes——

Patriots through Peek, are Coblers of courſe,
Who ſtill are mending Things, to make them worſe. Anon.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

PREFACE.

Humane Nature is so inevitably subject to Accidents and Misfortunes, that it should be the first, and great Care of every wise Man to be provided against their Approaches; and though we can't say with the Stoicks, *that Pain is not an Evil, Mankind being so constituted as necessarily to be more or less affected by it; yet from Reason and Reflection we may certainly lessen and moderate even them: As knowing our selves is the utmost degree of Wisdom we are capable of, so the bringing our Passions into Subjection must be consequently of the greatest Importance to us; the Difficulty*

lies in Mens finding out the weak Side of themſelves: When that is once done, the Defences are ready and at hand: A true Judgment of things therefore, and the rightly determining with ourſelves what is Real Good and Real Evil, are the general Foundations upon which we can only build ſolid Peace and Happineſs.

To act from the Principle that what is virtuous muſt be praiſe-worthy; and that nothing can be in it's Nature ſhameful, but what is vicious; will go a great way, as well towards the regulating of our Conduct, as the compoſing of our Minds. Nor will it be leſs uſeful to conſider, how deceitful is the Poſſeſſion, how tranſitory the Duration of every Enjoyment, when we have learnt, that Anxiety and Care are the Reſult of all humane Purſuits, and find the Happineſs we vainly promiſed our ſelves from them, to be ſhadowy and ſuperficial, we ſhall ſoon be brought to look on them in another Light, and to reſign them (at leaſt) with more Temper; the Trouble

we

we feel in being diſpoſſeſſed of any thing, ariſing in proportion to the greater or leſs Value we put upon it: Yet ſo unhappy are ſome Mens Diſpoſitions that they anticipate their Misfortunes, or rather indeed create them; ſo very anxious are they for the good Things of this Life, as to live under a continual Apprehenſion of the Want of them, even in the utmoſt Affluence: Thus our Fears multiplies our Afflictions, and what otherwiſe might have been uſeful to us in helping us to avoid, is under Irregulations, the means of increaſing our Miſeries; as if being eaſy, and dying at once, were not preferable to the being always under Apprehenſions, and be dying ever.

This very grave Preface hath Regard to thoſe harmleſs unhappy Men who are ſo only to themſelves, whom Reaſon may affect, and whom to treat more ludicrous were to be inhumane: But when Mens Diſcontents become Political, *when they have a viſible Tendency to diſturb the World, and overturn all Society; when to gratify*

their Paſſions, they ſacrifice both their Intereſt and their Eaſe; ſuch Natures are not then to be convicted, nor hath Truth any Evidence on Diſpoſitions ſo weak and ungovernable. To be delivered from Bondage, *(from* Papal *Bondage) and be ſecured in the invaluable Poſſeſſion both of our Civil and Religious Rights, ſeems to demand from us univerſal Gratitude, and the Bleſſing and Applauſe of every individual; but to the everlaſting Shame of our Natures, it will be remembred that the* Immortal WILLIAM *had his Enemies; that even his* preſent MAJESTY, *notwithſtanding his many great and glorious Endeavours for the Publick Good, doth yet meet with Oppoſition from ſome, who dare to revile His Adminiſtration, and diſpute his juſt Authority. Amazing! that Rational Creatures, and* Proteſtants, *ſhould be found repining at Steps taken for their Intereſt, and ſupporting of Principles which are manifeſtly for their Ruin, going about to diſturb the Peace of our* Sion, *from the Benefits they receive o being protected by it. There*

There is ſomething in our Natures which makes us chooſe rather to be thought vicious than fooliſh; hence it comes to paſs, that when we cannot be reaſoned out of an Abſurdity, we may ſometimes be taught out of it. It was upon this Principle that the following Poem *was undertaken, being a Copy from* private Hiſtory, *decorated and embelliſhed with ſome Variation; the Baſis of which was very little better than what Monſieur* Boileau *tells us was the Foundation of his* Lutrin: *The Author having a dry Adventure of twenty-four Hours laid before him, and eſſentially to which he was obliged to keep, was under a neceſſity of ſtrengthening it with all the Force of Colouring it was capable of; his Buſineſs being only to hold the Mirrour, ſo as to convince Men of their Follies, by giving a Sight of them: For part of his principal Character he's beholden to that of the* Valetudinarian *in the* Spectator, *Numb.* xxv. *aud many of the Inſtances of* Melancholy *in the Third* Canto *are taken from* Burton;

and

and no where elſe, that I remember, is he obliged to any Writer of any kind; an Objection which might perhaps be ſpared. For the Style, he hath acted like the Phyſician, who in compounding of his Medicines conſults not only the Caſe, but the Inclination likewiſe of his Patient, and as far as ſafely he may, makes it toothſome: Sounds have been ſaid to have Powers in them perfectly magical; Inſtances are numerous from Hiſtory, and we are told by Holy Writ, in a Caſe not a great deal unlike ours, that Solomon *owed his Recovery to the Influence of Muſick.*

I have not therefore made uſe of the Burleſque *Style and Manner, as agreeable to my own Taſte, but as moſt ſuitable to His, for whoſe Uſe purpoſely it was writ; and as I have endeavoured to be clear in my Expreſſions, and as muſical in my Numbers as poſſible, ſo I have frequently run into the Uſe of Double Lines, which with great Submiſſion to Mr.* Addiſon's *Authority, I cannot think unnatural*

to

to this kind of Writing. That fine Writer, in his excellent Eſſay upon true and falſe Wit, *having condemned the* Boutez Rimez, *thus proceeds:* I muſt ſubjoyn, *ſays he,* to this laſt kind of Wit, the Double Lines uſed in Doggrel Poetry, and generally applauded by ignorant Readers; if the Thought of the Couplet in ſuch Compoſitions is good, the Rhyme adds little to it, and if bad, it will not be in the Power of the Rhyme to recommend it: I am afraid that great Numbers of thoſe who admire the incomparable *Hudibras*, do it more on account of theſe Doggrel Rhymes, than of the Parts which really deſerve Admiration. I am ſure, *ſays he,* I have heard

> The Pulpit-Drum Eccleſiaſtick
> Was beat with Fiſt inſtead of a Stick.

and

> There was an ancient ſage Philoſopher,
> Who had read *Alexander Roſs* over.

more frequently quoted than the fineſt Pieces of Wit in the whole Poem.

This

This Objection, as I take it, lies as much against all kind of Rhymes as these; Rhymes will not, I agree with him, make a poor Thought better: I wish he had favoured us with his Judgment how far it can be said to make a good Thought worse. — More might be said, but this is as much as I think necessary.

Upon a Review, I hope nothing can be construed throughout the Work offensive either to Religion or good Manners; the Author's Intent being only to assert the Freedom Mankind is born to, against the Impositions of crafty Knaves, and sordid Enthusiasts, who with false Genius plague the World, and with false Principles mislead it.

This is as much as I think necessary to say without Doors, having often thought Prefacers not unlike Show-Mongers, who hanging out the Picture of the strange Thing to be seen within, go so far into the Nature of it over and above, as to satisfy the Reader's Curiosity, instead of increasing it.

I had

I had Thoughts indeed of ſending it into the World without theſe Leading-ſtrings, applying the Proverb, that Good Wine needs no Buſh; *but this was over-ruled by the Publiſher, for Reaſons beſt known to himſelf, and perhaps not material to the Reader.*

I hereby inveſt him therefore in all the Profits and Emoluments ariſing from this Work, provided, and upon Condition, that I have the uſual Indulgence of an Author allow'd me; (viz.) *that no Views but the Publick Good could poſſibly engage me in this Undertaking, and that conſequently it is in its Nature of general Uſe and Importance*; *and that happier, much happier, might it have been for the World, if ſo be he had had more Leiſure*; *but 'Buſineſs muſt be followed, Writers muſt eat, and* Neceſſity hath no Law.

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HYPOCONDRIA.

A BURLESQUE POEM. IN FIVE CANTOES.

CANTO I.

WHEN Whimſy got into the Head
Of *old Knight Errant*, (as it's ſaid)
It led them many a weary Dance,
(So it's recorded on Romance,)
O'er Hill, and Dale, thro' Brake, and Briar,
Half ſtarv'd, and Ankle deep in Mire;
Fam'd for their ſoft, and tender Speeches,
And facing Foe in *cleanly Breeches*,

They ſet forth, ſtorm'd enchanted Caſtles,
Fought Beaſts of Prey, with Gyants wreſtle,
Reliev'd fair Maids, and Female Coſins,
And Knights, and Monſters ſlew by dozens:
Theſe wondrous Deeds for to report all
* *Cervantes* is become *Immortal*,
A[illegible] *Don*, and his *Amanuenſis*
Shall live where ever *Wit* or *Senſe* is:
Led on by the ſame fond Deſire
(For love of live 'bove all inſpire,)
I bring a *Heroe* into view,
A Subject unto Dogrel new,
And promiſe from the following Pages,
To *Squire* him down to *after Ages*,
The like for Mirth, and Truth of Number,
Was never ſeen 'twixt *Trent* and *Humber*,
Sir Valetude; for that's the Name
By w ich the *Knight* atchiev'd his Fame:
Full forty Years in Pleaſure ſpent,
And ſcarce one Hour to Prayer lent,
As ſometimes *merry*, ſometimes *ſad*,
Inclin'd nor *very good*, *nor bad*,
Digeſting Claret, eating Victual,
Profeſſing *much*, and doing *little*,
Or more conciſely it conſiſts,
To quote the Words of *Dyariſt*,
He *eat*, and *drank*, and paſt it *freely*,
Twelve Hours he ſnor'd, — then dreſt gentilely.

---

* *Author of* Don Quixote.

'TWAS

'Twas much about th' aforeſaid Year,
The Fear of going— Heaven knows where,
Poſſeſs'd Sir *Knight* with ſo much Terrour,
He was of *Chivalry* the *Mirrour*;
That he who *five bar Gate* durſt dare,
The firſt at Death of many a *Hare*,
Sad Revolution! hard *Miſhap!*
Should be reduc'd to *Flanen Cap*;
Ah! plague confound! and peril, rot 'em,
Whores with black Eyes, and hot at bottom,
Who brought to Pills, and noiſome Drenches,
(This ever comes of following *Wenches*)
The moſt, and very beſt of 's Inches.
But to proceed in plain Expreſſion,
Without further halt, and more Digreſſion.

We overpaſs how *Knight* ſet out
In warlike manner bold and ſtout,
Nor ſhall minutely here deſcribe
His *Dreſs*, *Complexion*, or his *Tribe*,
Nor eke the Palfry which he rid,
Nor Wonders which he on her did,
But come immediate to the Laſt,
Superiour to all the paſt,
Knight's Combat with Diſeaſe *Venereal*,
The terribleſt of *Monſters* real.

Well fortify'd both *Head* and *Breaſt*
With *Flanen Coat of Mail and Creſt*,

And *ſpiritual Weapon* for *infernal*,
Guarded 'gainſt *in* and *Ills external*,
Viewing the *Terrour* from *afar*,
Sir Vale ſtood and *ſought the War*;
And as King * *Arthur* once from *Brook*
Took *Pebbles*, *Knight* from *Pocket* took
Three *gilded Globules* from their *Caſe*,
And, making of a *damn'd ſour Face*,
Full at the *Gyant* them he *throws*,
And *briskly* following his *Blows*,
He quickly brought the *Tyrant* under,
Who *ſtool'd*, and *ſpit*, and roar'd like Thunder;
(In want of Simile that's bigger
To introduce this *mighty Figure*)
The *Gyants* ſo did *war* with *Heaven*,
Defeated ſo, were *downward driven*,
Mountains on Mountains ſtood on heap,
All *Nature troubl'd* Earth and Deep.
Well, means to take as beſt did ſerve,
(For next to *conquer*'s to *preſerve*,)
But what availeth Prudence Mortal!
'Gainſt what will firſt, or laſt, Men hurt all,
Imagin'd, *real* Ills ſucceed,
And *Fancy* hath the Powers of *Need*.

The learn'd † *Sanctorius* did contrive
A Machine to preſerve *alive*,

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* *Legendary.* † *Author of the* Aphoriſms.

In

In Nature of a Pair of Scales,
Whereby to a grain Men knew their Aiſs;
What from a pound of *Foods* manuring,
Should go by *Stool*, and what by *Urine*;
And from its certain Laws would know
When in, or not in *ſtatu quo*:
Our Knight with one of theſe provided,
In it and in its worth confided,
And, having fixt upon a *Standard*,
To trim the Balance ſtill did ſtrain hard,
If it exceeded but a Pound,
At proper Diſtance under Ground,
Parallel Ropes ſtood fixt in *Timber*,
Which through two *heavy Weights* run limber,
Whom conſtantly bore *low* and *high*,
'Bove *Shoulder* and *behind* the *Thigh*,
Would cauſe our *Heroe* to *perſpire*,
Until *reduc'd* to his Deſire:
If the *Exceſs* were but ſome *Ounces*,
Hard *Exerciſe* he then renouces,
Secretes it off by Black-Ey'd-*Nelly*,
She on *her Back*, he on *his Belly*;
If otherwiſe he's *ſhort* in Weight,
Immediately he *lays* in Freight,
And *eats* and *drinks* himſelf to Meaſure,
Though without Hunger or good Pleaſure:
In fear of what's not worth preſerving,
He *gluttons* now, and now is *ſtarving*,
By *Pounds* and *Ounces* takes his Diet,
By *Grains* and *Scruples* Reſt and Quiet,

He meaſur'd out by *Rule* his Walk,
Yet nicer, by Preſcription talk;
What was the *News*, and what the *Weather*,
Confin'd and kept the whole together:
At one Time he would ſtudy *Phyſick*,
And read himſelf into a *Phtiſick*,
Till he became a *Spectacle*,
And had all Symptoms *Hectical*:
Chymæra dire, and Pains in 's Bones
Had given him *Dropſy*, *Gout*, and *Stone*,
He had in ſhort more Ails (God ſave us!)
Then ever *Dame Pandora* gave us.

NOR would I have the Reader fear,
That of his Soul he took leſs Care,
Religion he had next in view,
The *Doubt* was how to find the *True*,
Writers of every *Sect* he read,
Living Authorities and dead,
Hicks, *Leſly*, *Bunyan* and *Burges*,
Both thoſe which *bind* and thoſe which *purge*.
Till *Lightneſs* in his *Head* he feels,
Now this way *leans*, then that way *reels*,
Inclin'd incontinent to *either*,
He turns to *all*, and yet is *neither*:
Till ſick of burdening Head with *Letter*,
Not a Jot *wiſer* for't, or *better*,
He now implicitly *conſign'd*
Himſelf, to what he could *not find*,
To vulgar *Principle* was juſt,
By taking up a *ſet on truſt*;

Rule

Rule fitted to his *Heart's Deſire*,
For who can *err*, who don't *inquire*?
The *Pope* had pledg'd his *Word* for *Ranſom*,
All Men are *ſav'd* who pay him *handſome*,
To *Heaven all* know what 'tis the *Fare* is,
For *Pater-noſters*, *Avemaries*,
Indulgencies to *bear* us out
For *Crimes* we cannot be without,
Of Comfort both to *Prieſt* or *Layman*
Equal, if *Prelate*, *Prince*, or *Drayman*,
To this he ſtood; for to *believe*,
Is *eaſier far*, than to conceive.

Sir *Valetude* had of's Retinue
(A Semblage of *Blood*, *Bone*, and *Sinew*,)
Two *hopeful Birds* as e'er had Maſter,
A *Surgeon*, and a *Poetaſter*:
To give him Mirth, and make it ſtay on,
One to adviſe, and one to play on;
Brave Demy-Heroes that aſpire
'Bove *Ralpho* or *La Mancha* Squire.

CAUSTICUS fam'd among the Brethren
For ſtopping Leek in Pocket leathern,
Run Goods he did inſure from Fire,
And thoſe were in, took out o'th' Mire,
A Pleaſant, merry, ſtaunch deep Drinker,
Could both mend, and make Work for Tinker,
Would both endanger, and ſecure,
And oft-times cauſe, and oft-times cure.

LIRICKA's real Characteriſtick,
Was properly the Squire Domeſtick,
Hibernian born, St. *Omer*'s bred,
On Jargon, and Potatoe fed;
He held for Anceſtor the Butler
Of King *O Teague*—though laſt a Cutler,
And therefore bore within their Shield
The pilfer'd Cup in ſable Field:
Reeking hot coming from the College,
Well ſtor'd with Myſt'ry, and School Knowledge.
A Courſe of Wit he went at *Will*'s,
In painful Search of others Ills,
By Contradiction ably taught
(Fame's founded firſt on finding Fault)
He could mechanical apply
Authors to give themſelves the Lye,
With *Dacier*, *Ariſtotle*, *Rapin*,
Play Hocus-pocus Tricks like *Scapin*;
Unity, Action, Time, and Place,
Plot, Language, Manner, Diction, Grace,
The Film, and out-ſide of what's good,
He talkt as though he underſtood:
In Anagram and learn'd Acroſtick,
He hence commenc'd a perfect *Gnoſtick*;
Punn, Quibble, and Conundrum quaint,
And Gingle idolis'd like Saint,
With Volatils his Brains abound,
And Head on Wheels is mov'd by Sound;
For *Pegaſus*, Experience tells,
Like other Jades moves beſt in Bells,

Muſe

Muſe got a Miſtreſs by degrees,
And carv'd her Name on Rind of Trees,
Inconſtant, round the brittle Glaſs
Proclaim'd the Perfidy of Laſs,
In equal diſregard of Merit,
Nor World will heed, nor Miſs will hear it;
Hence he reſolves to laſh their Crimes,
The ſtupid, and the ſenſeleſs Times,
Highly provok'd to be ſevere,
Malicious Criticks now ſtand clear!
Fools neither give, nor take a Quarter,
Conceited ſtill, though brain'd in Mortar.
Mud-Walls he blur'd with ſapleſs Cynders,
And Treaſon ſcrawl'd on publick Windows,
In Fame reputed Analyſis
Of many pretty ſmart Devices,
Which plentifully may be found
In Bog-houſes about the Town;
For ſo it hap'ly came to paſs,
That Head ſtill ſympathis'd with A——
And in great comfort to the Swain,
Eas'd both his Bowels, and his Brain.

With equal Zeal and Ignorance hearty,
He did eſpouſe the Jackiſh party,
His Intereſt him in this did ſteer,
The only Mart would, vend his Ware,
Becoming, favour of diſorder,
Prieſt of the Non-forſwearing Order,
But to avoid Suſpicion, marvail!
He'd ſometimes do an Office ſervile:

The Holy Father, ſo we know,
Princes admits to kiſs his Toe;
But when the *humble Fit* is on him,
From an Extravagance upon him,
He'll turn his Hand in Meekneſs meet,
T' waſh frowſy Pilgrims ſweaty Feet:
More of his Character you'll view,
If patient, you do read this through.

BUT to my Subject more t' abide,
Whence Authors ſtill are led aſide.

HAPNING one Night for to partake
Of dangerous Mallade Finger-ake,
Not being over-ſtockt with Grace,
With Pain in *Mind*, and Guilt in *Face*,
Strange Power of *Whimſy* and *Conundrum*,
They turn'd our *Heroe* to a *Hum-drum*,
Old racy *Nants* he drank in Plenty,
And took *Somnificks* more than twenty,
Did all that Man in his Caſe would do,
But all he did, and all he could do,
In no wiſe could him ought avail,
Nor *leſſen*, or *remove* the Ail:
All things conſented to his *Doom*,
On Weather ſat a *ſullen Gloom*.
The Night before, good luck at fault,
The heedleſs *Wench* had ſpilt the *Salt*,
The *Owl* foreboded, *Ball* confirms it,
With *Shrieks* and *Howls* as *Gnoſticks* term it;

AN

An *Aparition* too appear'd,
The *Knight* it ſaw, the *Squire* it heard,
Prognoſtick Dire! it ſhook his Bed,
And Death went *tick-tack* at his *Head*;
That very *Morn*, ſo far from ſcoffing,
In *Coffee Grounds* he ſaw his *Coffin*,
But what's more ſhocking ſtill to tell,
This ſad *Cataſtrophe* befel,
Of all the *Year* upon the *Day*,
Unlucky *Childermas* bore ſway.
Memoirs a *Night*, a *Day*, and *Noon*,
Dreadful Effect on change of *Moon*,
I ſing —— *attend!* you'll hear it ſoon.
Lyricka immediately went for
Cauſticus, who came as ſoon as ſent for,
And finding the deſpairing *Knight*
In ſuch a piteous, doleful plight,
As if in great ſurprize he'd been,
He felt his Pulſe, and ſtroakt his Chin,
And from an Air of mighty wiſe,
Became unordinary preciſe.

SQUIRE (quoth he, in ſome deſpair)
See you your Maſter's Bed well air,
Officiouſly he run as bid,
And more then he was order'd did;
To warm his Waſte-coat, Cap, and Socks,
He made a Fire would roaſt an Ox,
By Bed-ſide plac'd the Polyglot,
The Urinal and ſpitting Pot.

This

This of the Squire was ſomewhat oddly,
But Men infirm grow ever godly,
Low Pulſe, and Spirits, plainly ſhowing,
The Lord knows where poor *Knight* was going.
Rather poſſeſs'd with Fear, than Shame,
He began to doubt from whence he came,
And Offerings made, and pledg'd his Troth,
As Man in ſuch Condition doth,
Obſcure applying to ſome Cauſe,
Aſſiſt, —— no matter what it was:
The *Indian* ſo, hath got a Trick
Of ſacrificing to Old Nick,
Not for the mighty Love they bear him,
But that moſt righteouſly they fear him:
Attend (quoth he!) and hear my Plaint,
Oh! *Anthony!* fam'd *Paduas*'s Saint.
Power! whom I've never known, nor
Shameleſs as I am! have car'd for!
If graciouſly thoul't change my Fate,
And give me Health, and uſual State,
In ſerious Senſe I'll not belye thee,
But do, as other Men do by thee,
Who making Promiſe to be better,
As ſerves their turn, are ſo to th' Letter;
For who doth cheriſh and protect,
May ſervice reaſonably expect:
Truce having made with Saint Al—m—y,
He took a Doſe, and bid good Night t'ye;
His Bed thus having ſeen receive him,
Aſleep and ſnoring loud we leave him.

In

In centre of the Elements,
Where Fire, Air, Water, Earth laments,
Corruption ſits upon a Cloud,
And Damps his ſtubborn Head doth ſhroud,
Effluvias round about him break,
With noxious Smells his Noſtrils reek,
While wantonly about he Caſts
Infectious Air, and noiſome Blaſts:
A waſteful Ruin fills his Court,
And change of forms a cruel Sport,
Fair *Cloe*'s Eyes, the fading Flower,
Pride of few Years, and of an Hour;
The cruel God, remorſleſs lies,
Slights Beauty's Tears, and Nature's Cries
A Veil upon his Ears, and Eyes,
Him Death precedes, Diſeaſe though fickle;
And old Time with his ſharpen'd Sickle,
At his dread Summons all repair,
The Great, the Gay, the Young, the Fair,
Fall Victims down before his Throne,
His Power all Things obey and own:
Millions of Altars to him riſe,
Whereon Men daily ſacrifice
All Ages, and of all Conditions,
Of all Ranks and of all Religions,
To the grand Cormorant Tribute pay,
And own his arbitrary Sway.

Necessity which all compels
As ſage Experience us tells,

Sent *Lyrick* out in Grief abaſh,
(Reſolving to do nought that's raſh)
With Zeal full freighted --- De'el abhor him!
To offer up --- what none could for him,
In order to give Nature's due full,
With *Mind* oppreſs'd, and *Phiz* that's rueful.
Uncover'd at both top and bottom, the following 'plaints begot,
Alas! quoth he! what crazy Creatures
Are *Clouds*, and *Cobwebs*, in their *Natures*,
Kings, *Lords*, and *common Whores* all dye
Don Manuel ſays, and ſo ſay I!
We *heave* and *buſtle*, *thruſt* and *ſqueeze*
Like Mites within a *Cheſhire Cheeſe*,
Sometimes we beat, are ſometimes beaten;
Eat in one Hour, the next are *Eaten*.
Ah! me! to ſee how all Things paſs!
To Day it's *Fleſh*, to Morrow *Graſs*.
This Place on which I now doe ſit
A Propos is an *Emblem* fit.

TREMENDOUS *Tube!* whoſe earning Bowels
Old Maids and coſtive Virgins rowels,
Frankly their *Weakneſs* to impart,
And ope the *Iſſues* to their *Heart*,
Dear to Mankind as is their *ſeeing*,
And neceſſary as their *being*;
Ancient as Time and Mother Earth
Thy ravenous *Maw* and ſtinking Breath
Doth help impregnate *Nature's Womb*,
And, as they *wear-off*, art her Tomb.

Colworts

Colworts and Codſhead thou doſt cheriſh,
In thee they *live*, by thee they *periſh*:
What *Rheames* of Ink, and *waſte* of Brains,
Hath late Years offer'd to thy *Manes*,
All mortal Things *have* but one Seaſon,
So end fine *Tropes*, and finiſh'd *Treaſon*:
Here *Controverſy* which Men call
The oppoſiteſt Things of all,
In *Paſſion* and in *Reaſons* ſpite
Shake Hands, and lovingly unite,
Millions of Millions haſt thou freed,
Thou *kindly help* in Time of *Need!*
Refuge of Wretches large and ſmall Things,
Thou *grand Receptacle* of *all Things!*

A GENERAL waſte of briſk and flatt,
Mix and become I *know not what*;
Thus far we follow them in *Thought*,
One more *remove* and they are *nought*,
Obſcure in reſt, beneath Man's ſcorn,
Never! O! Never! to return!
Where *vacuum* Infinite doth reign,
And an Eternal *now* remains:
Nought! deſert, dark, unfathom'd Port!
Where *Sloath* and *Silence* keeps it Court,
All e'er *was*, *is*, or *is to be*
Proceeds *from*, and returns *to thee!*
Earlier than *Light*, before the Birth
Of Fire, and Water, Air, or Earth;
'Ere Infant *Matter* did advance,
Thou didſt poſſeſs the *vaſt Expanſe*,

Or Truth and Order did ariſe
From th' aforeſaid *pregnant* Mother's Thighs.
In vain we *ſeek thee* hid in Ruſt,
In mouldring *Urns*, and Funeral Duſt,
And *trace* thee with imperfect Senſe,
Through *Space refin'd*, and *void Immenſe*,
Where Nature its *faint Beings* ſhrouds
In ſickly *Vapour*, or in Clouds;
In vain *all* other Ways purſue,
N---d W---d and *D---rf--y* read quite through,
Both *this* and *that*, that thou art ſhows,
But what *thou art*,--no Mortal knows.

DEEP abſtruſe Myſteries of Salvation
In *Folio*, Acts of Convocation,
Church *Hierarchy*, and *Fathers* Lives,
And pious *Squabbles* about *Tithes*,
Un-number'd, once in *Calf-Skin* bound,
Drop piece-meal into *nought* profound,
In th' *High-Road* to Obſcurity,
Returning into Filth and thee;
The *Title Page*, and Part o' th' Preface
On *Moorfield* Poſt ſtill (ſad! and grevious!)
Do pitifully *cling* together,
The ſorry Remnants of ill *Weather*,
(Of ſtupid dulneſs *a Prodigy*)
Hung *ad Terrorem* in Effigy,
Sad and ill-favour'd is their Fall,
Like Council *Lay'r*, or Parſon *Paul*:
No more ſhall *Leſly* ſee the Light!
No more be heard of *Jemmy*'s Right!

Spite

Spite of what Rage and Craft can ſay,
Men calm and undiſturb'd will pray:
Though *S---pe* have ſcolded, *Sh---k* joak'd,
We Batt'ry rais'd, and Clan convok'd,
Subdude are all our vengeful Clangour,
By that Trade-ſpoiler much fam'd *B----r*:
Have we for this the Spiritual *Pinfold*
Laid ope, and ſcatter'd Curſes blindfold,
And worſe than Whoreſon, Turk or Jew,
Our *S--v--r* crucify'd a new,
Rak'd every Text, to make Opinion
Square in with Power and Dominion,
Jocky'd the Faith, and Reaſon joſtles,
To make out kindred with th' Apoſtles,
Diſputeleſs, proving Lineage gracious
From *Pu--ny* up to *Ath--n--us*,
The ſame uncommon Modes of Merit,
Mercileſs Mien, and haughty Spirit,
And inſtanc'd for the modern Honour
Dad *Bungey* againſt Father *Bonner*:
Ah! when again will come the Times!
High Prieſts ſhall only judge of Crimes,
Have Power to looſe, and bind, and bleſs,
Abſolve from Will, at Will confeſs,
Soft Feaſts, and Faſts t' injoin at Pleaſure,
Sink double Chins, and precious Treaſure,
Sitting at Eaſe, with Arms a-kimbo,
Some praying in, ſome out of Limbo:
Have Perquiſites Tradition taught her,
Saints Bones, Maids Milk, and Holy-Water?

When ſhall this Reformation *Maggot*
Be purg'd away by Fire and Faggot?
And Men be kept in good Condition
By Whips, and Racks, and Inquiſition?

WELL! of all Memories D--m that Oddpiece
Old bully *H--ry* and his Codpiece,
'Ere Laymen follow'd their own Senſes,
And Truths were taught by Mood and Tenſes,
We fifteen hundred Years and upward,
Th' *Keys* of their *Conſcience* kept and *Cup-board*;
What have we got from change of Lives,
Save Poverty, and *ſcolding Wives*?
Prieſts now confirm without the *Chriſm*,
The Croſs in Prayers, and *in Baptiſm*;
Layman on *Level* ſtands with *Prieſt*,
Nor ſhows more Reverence to the *Eaſt*
Than any other *Point* of Space,
(That Man can be ſo loſt to *Grace*!)
Judgments *unheard* ſuch Deeds muſt follow
Sure Earth will open and them *ſwallow*!

End of the firſt CANTO.

CAN-

CANTO II.

NOW *Sol* had full two Hours ſat,
And *Knight* himſelf, and *Ails* forgot,
When *Truſty Squire* him down laid
Upon a neighbouring *Truckle-Bed*,
And having on ſound Sleep Reliance,
Bid all *external Harms* defiance,
The Midnight *Elve*, and *Fairy ſprite*,
And *Shades* that haunt the *Realms* of Night,
Bug-bear which *Boys*, when froward, catches,
Grooms, *wither'd Hags*, and *Death-bed Watches*:
When *Cauſtick* going down to Kitchin
Had order'd for his Supper Widgeon,
And juſt as he'd his Chair choſen,
There came in *Neighbours* half a Dozen,
Kindly t' inquire of him the Cauſe
Of the *Knight's Ail*, and how he was?
The *Wag* puts on a roguiſh Leer,
And with a Joke and archful Sneer,

Bid

Bid them walk in and take their Places,
In ſhort, quoth he, the good *Knight*'s Caſe is
A *Swimming* in his Head —— a *Bliſter!*
Cries one, —— a ſecond mov'd for *Glyſter*,
A third objects, —— beſt Means was *Bleeding*,
A fourth —— believ'd it no ways *needing*.
To put to this Diſpute an End,
Cauſtick cries *Neighbour! Brother! Friend!*
You all *agree* (I make no doubt)
Sir *Valetude* ſhould *napp it out*,
The Coaſt is *clear*. Come, honeſt *Brother*,
You take one *Jugg*, and you *another*,
And follow me, I'll give you Paſs
To *Regions*, where you never was,
Where hundred *Gyants* ſtand *Enchanted*
In *Iron Bonds* with Silence *haunted*,
Five Cubits long from *Head* to *Haunch*,
And twice that *Wedth* about the *Paunch*;
Mildews and *Damps* do them ſurround,
With *Midnight* and with *Cobwebs crown'd*:
Follow, I ſay! and fear no Harm,
Here's that, my *Lads*, ſhall break *the Charm*.
Then took *Machine*, and with a *Twiſt*,
A *Magick-turn* of *Hand* and *Wriſt*,
When *Scene* chang'd ſudden quick as Thought,
And ſtood a large capacious *Vault*.

DEVOTE to good *old Cauſe*, in ſhow
Stood *Rank*, and *File*, a lovely Row
Of *Anno Domini's* a ſcore,
From *Fourteen* unto *Twenty-four*;

But

But ſtay, quoth he! before you bore head,
Look for its *Worth* and *Age* in *Forehead*.
Ormond! — O! this I think will *tempt ye!*
Then *knock'd* the *Head*, but found it *empty*.
The *tenth of June* was full of *Mother*,
One had one Fault, and one another.
Brew'd in an odd unlucky *Hour*,
Our Sovereign Lord was quite turn'd *ſour*.
Sobieski flat, *Bung* not well *ſtopt*,
Gualtieri bright, but illy *hopp'd*.
Old Mar was ſtrong, but little *prickt*,
And *Rigg* fall'n foul by *weather nickt*.
Brig. Mackintoſh prov'd true *brew'd Ale*,
But ('twas objected) ſomewhat *ſtale*;
Beneath its *Shade* there ſtood a *Firkin*,
Of the *old Leaven-ſtill a working*.
New-converts longer Time did ask,
And *High-Church* had a Twang of *Cask*.
True Orthodox; — Ay this I'll *tap ye*;
He did — and found it rare *good Nappy*.
To this they ſtuck, as beſt did pleaſe,
And drew poor *True-blue* to the *Lees*.

GLASSES and *Stools* in Order plac'd,
An empty *Barrel*'s Head they fac'd,
And in a Loyal *Bumper* crown'd,
His *Gracious Majeſty* went *round*;
Their *Highneſſes*, and all the *Royal*
Family, were pledged *Loyal*,
From *Bigotry* and *Superſtition*
The *Eſtabliſh'd Church* defend and *Miſſion*,

And

And *Charity* be given duely
To the *weak Brother*, *ſcruples truly*,
Immortal William! And the *Laws*,
And *Patriots* of that *glorious Cauſe*:
Your *Health*, Sir:—Honeſt *Dick*, here's thine!
Your *Fire-ſide*, and, after, *Mine*:
When *Cauſtick*, filling up a Rounder,
Took it off *heartily* to the *Founder*.
And as in *Chivalry* it's *Cuſtom*,
T' induce the *Hoſt* the more to *truſt 'em*,
While *Knight* retires for *Carcaſs-eaſe*,
To *humbler Miſchief*,—*killing Fleas*,
The *Squire* doth ſome paſt *Deed* recite,
Effect of 's *Love*, and *bloody Fight*:
So *Cauſtick* pitying *Lyrick*'s Caſe,
For once *vouchſaf'd* to take his *Place*.

POOR *Knight*, quoth He! In *ſolemn Gladneſs!*
(Mercy preſerve us all from *Madneſs!*)
This Fit hath held him *on and off*
Ten Years, of Man the Jeſt and Scoff;
In Proof of which to gain Belief,
I'll one undoubted Inſtance give.

THE Year *fifteen* about the Cloſe,
A *Quixote* Race of *Heroes* roſe,
Equip'd Advent'rous in appearance,
Sprang from much *Mercy* and *Forbearance*.
Diſpos'd to quarrel with *good Chear*,
Full *Barns*, and bright *October Beer*.

Ang'ry

Ang'ry that Man his God *ſhould chooſe*,
And breath free Air in *eaſy Shoes:*
The *Pot-lid* now became a *Target*,
With *Fender* beat out *to enlarge it*,
Fleſh-hooks, *Fire-ſhovels*, *Forks* and *Tongs*
Transform'd were, for *redreſſing Wrongs.*
From Ruſt and Sloath all *Weapons* burniſh,
Which haſte ſo unadvis'd could furniſh;
Coin'd *Lyes*, and garniſh'd them with punning,
And ſet the *Counterfeits* a running:
Prophecy *quote*, and Meaning *fix on*
Old *Mother Shipton* and *Sage Nixon.*
Black and *portent'ous* was the Hour,
Foretold by *Lyons* death in Tower;
Whales caſt upon the *deſart* Strand,
Prov'd *Armies* from the *Clouds* wou'd land;
And *Blazing Stars*, and *Monſtrous Births*,
Are ſeen in *Heaven*, and found on *Earth:*
Nor *Miracles* did ceaſe to ſhine,
To favour *Marr*, and *Right Divine.*
For *Generals* they choſe in Wrath
A Staunch *Fox-hunter* of the *North*,
Who march'd before in proudly prances,
When next the *Cavalry* advances:
Some *Thouſands* in their Numbers counted
Rid *Arm* to *Elbow*, queerly mounted,
Raw *Squires* in Snaffles rid their *Hunters*,
Some on *Carr-Horſes*, others *Runters:*
Hodge came attended by his *Tiller*,
On *Dobbin* one, and one on *Thiller.*

Hard-

Hard *Trotters*, *Padds*, and *Bare-bon'd Wrigler*,
Robb'd from the *Heath*, and from the *Higler*;
The *Lame*, the *Broken-winded*, *Blind*,
Founder'd before, and *Lame* behind:
In *grand Array!* Weak, Poor and Idle,
Some with *Half-bits*, and ſome no *Bridle*.

AND here, tho' ſomewhat like digreſſing,
I ſhall obſerve what's worth expreſſing.
By help of *Rope* from Zeal that's hearty,
Some *Horſes ſtole*, and join'd the Party:
Miſchievous Fate! how *Fortune* alters!
Would one believe — theſe very Halters
After ten Days, or ſomewhat *wider*,
Was put about the *Neck* of *Rider*,
And by *Trick* marvellous and quaint,
Firſt *Soldier* made, and then a *Saint*.

BUT to return unto my *Text*,
The *Infantry* advances next;
A large *Blue Apron* in the *Centre*,
With which *Prieſt's Bleſſing* went for venture.
Pikes and *Carbines* and *Fowling-pieces*,
March'd *Rank* and *File* about *two Leaſes*,
Sword-Blades of different *Size and Nations*,
Were *mounted* up of all *Editions*:
Poakers and *Spits*, good Womens *Pledges*,
And ſome with *Weapons* cut from *Hedges*.
What's next at Hand, and ſerv'd to *bluſter*,
The *Cauſe* requires ſhould now paſs *Muſter*.

Soundin

Sounding *to Arms*, their Fears to ſettle,
With *Bag-Pipe*, *Tabor*, and *Braſs Kettle:*
The *Invalids* and *heavy Luggage*
March'd *ſlowly* after, *Bag* and *Baggage*,
With zealous *Flat-Cap Night bulk Mounters*
Spu'd up from *Bridewel*, and the *Counters*;
A Dozen *Sand-Carts* drawn by *Aſſes*,
With *Rapine fill'd*, and to *guard Paſſes*,
Old *Ticking Beds* were full of Rents
To be converted into *Tents*,
With Sheets of Lead to make them *Bullets*,
And *Duck-ſhot* for to knock down *Pullets*,
Blunderbuſſes, a *general Bounty*,
The whole Artil'ry of the *County:*
In *Rear Dung-Carts*, and *cover'd Waggons*,
Fill'd with *Stale Beer*, and *empty Flaggons*,
Lugging a *Prize*, not ſmally rated,
With *Pipes*, and beſt *Virginia freighted*;
And having *Jemmy*'s Cauſe confeſt,
With three *Huzza*'s and oftner bleſt,
They march'd *Promiſcuous* in Array
To aſſault *good Cheer* and height of *Day.*

When *Liberty* Cœleſtial Goddeſs,
In Native *Charms*, not crampt with Bodice,
Array'd as *Roman Dame* of Old,
Convenient, decent, chaſte and bold,
O'er which a Veſt of *Britiſh Wooll*
Hung from her *Shoulders*, *free and full*
Simply the ſame nor had leaſt Paſſion,
For *change*, though *Hoops* were all the *Faſhion*,

She rode as in her self secure,
Gay like *young Joy*, as *Vestal* pure,
In *Open Chariot* waft in Air,
(Not Tumbril like a Modern Chair)
Meek *Property*, her younger Sister,
Rode on her right Hand, *Dis-sinister*,
Content and *Peace* upon the *Wing*,
And *crown'd* with *covenanted Spring*:
Upon her left was *mildly* sitting
Her *Favourite Child* the *Dame of Britain.*
Her lovely *Features* grac'd in *Smiles*,
Umpire of *Peace* and *Queen* of *Isles*:
Next her Attendants *bloomy Health*,
Blith Joy, and *Magisterial Wealth*:
Envoys from her *Allies* came *rident*,
Mars sent his *Sword*, *old Nep.* his *Trident*,
Ceres her bounteous *Horn* of *Plenty*
Cram'd full of all that's *Rare* and *Dainty*,
Apollo form'd the *Group* of *Graces*,
With *Syrens* Voice, and *Angels* Faces,
Whom as *Procession* past along,
Delights *all Nature* with their *Song*.
A while the *Theme* Divinely runs
On *Nassau*, and her *Glorious Sons*,
On *Marlborough*'s mighty Deeds in Field,
What Blessings *Peace* and *Brunswick* yield,
Un-number'd in their *Kinds* and *Names*,
Imported on her Silver *Thames*:
Of *Liberty!* who Blessings *nourish*,
By Her all *Arts* and *Science flourish*,

Effected

Effected by *united Charms*
Of *Britiſh Councels*, *Britiſh Arms!*
Stern *Tyranny* in *Power* diſtreſt
Rage fills his *Eyes*, *Deſpair* his *Breaſt*,
He *riſes dreadful* in his *Pains*,
Howls high, and *horrid ſhakes* his *Chains*,
Gnaſhing his *Teeth* on's *Iron Rod*,
That *all Hell* trembl'd at the *God*:
Ambition upon *Death* doth call,
And *Pride* ſits *Stubborn* in *her Fall*,
And *Superſtition* their *weak* Hand-Maid,
Dejected *hangs* her Head diſmaid,
Fal'n at her *Feet* diſorder'd lies,
Her *Mitre*, full *three Stories high*,
Bleak *Poverty* in Rags *repines*,
And upon Miſery *refines*,
And *Envy* with her *hiſſing Snakes*
The *Torments* it would give *re-takes*:
Even *Slavery* more *abject* lies,
And *lifts* to Day *unwilling Eyes*,
And *Anarchy* by Vengeance wounded,
Turn'd on *her ſelf* is *ſelf confounded*,
Confuſion, *Terror*, and *Deſpair*,
Their Viſage *variouſly* declare,
Horrour and *Darkneſs* them ſurround,
And Guilt *gleams* through the *vaſt Profound*.

In ſhort familiarly to tell,
Nor on more Circumſtances dwell
Fate diſmal bloody and Portentous,
Hung o'er the Head of *Crew Advent'rous*:

Divided as it were in Fogg,
Some to the *Fetlock* fell in *Bogg*,
Some were *Enchanted* 'twixt *Stone-Walls*,
Some, had *dry Blows*, and ſome *hard Falls*,
And ſome with *Ear* upon *right Shoulder*
'Tween *Heaven* and *Earth* were left to *moulder*,
The good Man, ſo of Morning early
To fright the *Crows* which ſteal the *Barley*,
Terrorem to the Thieves are fled
To ſcare *live Carrion*, *hang up* dead.

OTHERS who hap'd t' eſcape the *Rope*
Were *Knights* dubb'd of the *forlorn Hope*,
A *Warming-Pan* in *ſable Field*,
And for *Deviſe* upon their *Shield*,
In *Characters* were largely writ
Effect *of Want of Thought and Wit*;
O'er waſte of *Deſart Plains* they run,
Where *Nought* ſuſtains 'twixt *Sun and Sun*,
From *Kinds folks*, and with *Country* parted,
Met *Knights* unkind, and *Dames* hard-hearted,
And *ſlowly* by Degrees *ſtarv'd* upward,
No *Charm* could ope their *Purſe* or *Cupboard*,
So much by way of *Introduction*,
Is briefly writ for our Inſtruction,
Further t' infer what *Knight* befel,
After *we've drank*, remains to tell.

TWICE having put about the *Liquor*,
The *Juſtice* and the *Honeſt Vicar*,
Silence proclaim'd, and duely *heeded*,
He re-aſſum'd, and thus *proceeded*.

WHILE *Humour* holds of being Great,
Sir *Valetude* would puſh his Fate,
But as he'd do all Things ſecurely,
(For faſt *bind*, ſo faſt *find* moſt ſurely)
* Upon his *Phiz* was read a *Lecture*,
And Truths abſtruſe prov'd paſt *Conjecture*,
Free Port and Gravity of Face
Did indicate at *Court high Place*,
And *Features* Fortunate and Bold,
Long Life and mighty *Wealth* foretold,
A *Major*, *Minor*, and their *therefore*,
Crab Logick chopt, with *why* and *wherefore*,
And as in *Haſte* himſelf he accoutred,
One Stocking put on *inſide outward*,
The Day before, *reflecting higher*,
A *Purſe* flew to him from the *Fire*,
In Dream, *Lord Treaſurer's Staff* did handle,
And ſaw his *Patent* in the *Candle*;
Omen and *Arts* confeſt the *States Man*,
And *Both* agreed he'd be a *great Man*.

LYRICKA all the while as *buſy*,
Head-turn'd till he was grown quite *dizzy*,
Endeavouring Fate to underſtand
By *Palmeſtry*, and Art of Hand;
The † *Vitalis*, was *large* and *clean*,
Decently joyn'd to th' *natural Mean*;
Cephalica Long, *Large* and *Clear*,
And made out the *Triangle Fair*;

* *Phyſiognomy*. † *Palmeſtry*.

Small Branches from the Line of *Fortune*,
To th' Mount of *Jupiter* importune
Great Honours to him as a *Prieſt*,
A *Biſhop Suffragan* at leaſt;
How luckily will Arts agree!
This *concords* with *Aſtrology*,
Mercury, *Saturn*, *Jove*, and *Mars*
Do open and improve the *Farce*;
Bright * *Sol*, with brighter *Venus* ſpouſes
Reception of each others *Houſes*;
And *Oppoſition* and *Conjunction*,
Now *give*, now take away *Compunction*:
Preliminaries thus agreed,
In Confidence they now proceed,
(For what like *Intereſt* makes Men hearty)
To *Preſton* went and joyn'd the Party:
In ſhort the *Knight* and *Squire* are dubb'd,
Firſt enter'd into *Pay*, then *drubb'd*.

One Morning having form'd his *Project*,
And fixt it by the Rules of *Logick*,
To fill their *Pockets* and their *Bellies*
Make *aukward* Spoil and raviſh *Nellies*,
Three Score in Number make the leaſt on,
Set out from their *Head-Quarters Preſton*,
All *true bred Patriots*, tight and hearty,
A hopeful Specimen *o' th' Party*,
By Laws of Arms in ſearch of *Forrage*,
T' reduce *fat Capons*, and *Plumb Porrage*:

---

* *Aſtrology*.

Knight

Knight having his *ſleek Phiz* renew'd,
And *Magiſterially* them view'd,
Whinyard relieved from the Ruſt
Piſtols and *Holſters* bruſht from *Duſt*,
Urin'd, and ſolemn blown his *Noſe*,
And from the Rout his *Keffal choſe*,
He *mounted* and advanc'd before 'um,
Like *Sheriff* riding to the *Quorum*;
The *Squire* full as void of Fear,
Was order'd to ſecure the *Rear*,
And on they jog'd with *Fame beſotted*,
And ſome that *ambl'd* ſome that *trotted*,
When on *Adventure* they ſoon ſtumbl'd,
The *Cauſe* requir'd, and *Belly grumbl'd*.
Like *a Noun Subſtantive*, ſtood only,
Pleaſantly ſituate but *lonely*,
A *Gothick* building bleak and raw,
Flank'd round with *Brick*, and crown'd with *Straw*,
Which *fifty Winters* ſtood together,
And *fac'd* ill Fortune and *foul Weather*,
Its *Out-works* ſtrongly *ribb'd* and able,
Plank crampt in *Plank*, moſt formidable,
O'er which who ever durſt to paſs,
Enchanted was in a *Moraſs*,
By Magick Art (we know not how,)
They ſtuck as in *John Bunyon*'s Slough;
This was inhabited by *Vaſſal*
To *Gyants* of a Neighbour Caſtle;
He *forty Shillings* had a *Year*,
And gave his Vote for *Knight o' th' Shire*,
Nor wanton, after Power *luſted*,
But ſelf-ſecure, in ſelf he *truſted*; In

In *Stool-ball* eminent and high,
His Praiſes *riſe* unto the *Sky*,
His brandiſh'd Arm (the *Ruſtick*'s Fear!)
Had ſpread his *Terrour* far and near,
Oft and *again* them out he'd ſeen,
And took their *Length* upon the *Green*;
Wild *Beaſts* paſt Number *ſlain* and *broke*,
And *pull'd* down many *ſturdy Oak*;
Prodigious Feats! and more to *brag on*,
Then *Guy's Dun-Cow* or *George's Dragon*.

BUT what avails or Strength or Care,
Oppos'd to Men ſo loſt to Fear;
Piſtol in Hand they firſt ſecur'd
The great *Houſe Dog*, and him *immur'd*
In *Kennel*, melancholly Durance!
With equal Boldneſs and Aſſurance
They manfully the Houſe ſurround,
And ſwear (O! black and bloody Sound!)
Unleſs they do with beſt Diſpatch
Surrender it they'll *fire the Thatch!*
What Mortal can reſiſt ſuch *Prow-eſs*, open ſtraight the Gates they *throw*,
And now unto *ignoble Bands*
They do commit our *Hero*'s Hands,
From which to greater *Havock* loos'd
Some rob the *Barn*, and ſome the *Rooſt*,
Felonious from the *Rack* are taken
Two *Flitches* and a half of *Bacon*;
To mightier *Miſchief* hence they ſprung,
Hen loſt her *Mate*, and *Sow* her *Young*,

Oh!

Oh! diſmal, dark, and bloody Day!
What Words thy *Horrours* can diſplay!
The *Turky-Cock* here *gaſping lies*,
The *Drake* purſued complaining *cries*,
Young *Chicks* and *Gozlings* immature,
Pant out their *little Lives* impure,
The harmleſs *Doves* to wing prepare,
And *riſe* and *beat* the *dusky Air*,
Piece *level'd* at them, *ſink* deſtroy'd,
And *tumble* through the *troubl'd void*,
Mangl'd! deſtroy'd, and baſely tortur'd
None knows! what 'tis to have Soldiers *Quarter'd*;
Vengance o'ertake the *Rebels Rout*,
Had they been *Merciful* as Stout,
Two *Hogſheads*, good as e'er was *tipt*,
Had ne'er about the *Cellar* dript,
Which now *Forlorn*, and *Headleſs* ſtand,
The *Deluge* of the *Nether Land*.

THEY next into their Service preſt
Darby, of Servants *ſure* the beſt!
(Twelve Years he'd fed upon the *Common*,
Drag'd *willing Logg* and injur'd no Man,
In ſafety carry'd *Dame*, and Eggs,
Each *Market Day*, to eaſe her Legs,
He further ev'ry then and now
Would jog to *Church*, or draw at *Plough*)
And *Falſehood* to impoſe upon him,
They laid unmercifully on him,
His honeſt Maſters Goods and *Chattel*,
All was for *Belly fit*, or *Battle*:

None

None knows how far this might extend,
Or where the *lawleſs Rage* have end,
Had not *Dame Fortune* in the nick,
Turn'd Tail, and ſhown them a Dogs trick;
For as that *fickle Goſſip* often
To gain her ends, does fawn and ſoften,
Like ſtubborn Iron when its heated,
Men moſt *comply*, when moſt they're *cheated*;
For let Men ſay what e'er they will
Of certain Good, and certain Ill,
Call *Fortune* a blind perverſe Power,
And lay't on *Stars* and *adverſe* Hour,
I will be ſuffer'd my Concluſion,
'Tis all Deceit, and ſelf Deluſion:
For logical to them refute
And prove my Doctrine paſt Diſpute,
As ſure as they of *Legs* had uſe
So ſure it is they'r paſt Excuſe;
Had they *now march'd*, they had got clear,
In ſpite of *Fortune*'s *Teeth*, or Fear,
Nor been Obnoxious to the laughter
Of three or four Hours after.
Our *Farmer* you muſt know had *Daughter*
Syren like form'd to pleaſe and ſlaughter;
Young *Blowzabel* was brown as Berry,
Teeth white like *Snow*, *Lips* red as *Cherry*,
Plump Cheek'd, and tinctur'd like Vermillion,
With Eyes to look at would half kill one,
And *ſwelling Bubbies* ſoft as Down,
Her *Summit* of Perfections Crown:

In *Orchard* got, not thinking Ill,
She Graces ſhot, ſhe did not will,
'Neath *Cow* ſhe ſat herſelf and Pail,
Who kindly fann'd her with her Tail,
And having thrown aſide her *Yoak*,
With gentle *Words* and gentle *Stroak*,
Jenny profuſe gives down her *Milk*,
Through *moving Hand*, Tets *ſoft* as Silk:
I ſhould have ſaid ſhe'd doft her *Bonnet*,
Show'd inward Peace, by outward *Sonnet*,
And *Ditty* ſang of *Maidens* undone
By truſting *Man*, and truſting *London*,
Which from the *Plunder* did invite
The *Spoilers*, and 'mong them the *Knight*,
Orpheus ſo, *wild Beaſt* did tame,
Convinc'd their *Nature* to his Name,
Made *Rivers* to forget their *Courſe*,
And *Woodlands* dance by *Muſick's Force*.

STRANGE *Titillations* riſe in *Knight*,
He *feels* he knows not what Delight!
In ſudden *Sobs* his Heart doth beat,
He can't *Advance*, nor yet *Retreat*,
Why am I ſeiz'd with ſuch Emotion?
Sure 'tis (he cry'd) a *Loveſick Potion!*
I who have ſo indifferent been,
Such Hands have *felt*, ſo many ſeen,
Stood ev'ry *Poſture* of Surprize,
And all that *Art* can make on *Eyes*;
The *skilful Maſe* of Needle ſawn,
Such Hands! not whiter was the Lawn!

Oft'

Oft' ſeen them *move o'er trembling Spinnet*
Regardleſs, as if nought were in it;
Have I the *Manage* of the *Fan*,
Beheld with *Courage* more than Man,
And *baffl'd* all its numerous *Charms*,
In great *Neglect* of *naked Arms*;
At laſt to be condemn'd to *ſpindle*,
To *ſigh*, *look ſilly*, *whine* and *whindle*?
But why ſhould I my ſelf thus *blame*
When *great Achilles* did the ſame!
That *Service ſuch* ſhould be confin'd
To Creatures of that *ſtupid Kind*,
What *Pleaſure* in't ſhe ſeems to take,
Ah! *were I but one*, for her Sake,
How better much could I *imploy*
Thoſe *Hands* ſo *finely form'd* for Joy!

WHICH ſaid, Sir *Val.* advanc'd in Grace,
And *gently* laid her o'er the Face,
Fair Maid (quoth he!) your bright Perfections,
Hath given my Bowels *ſtrange Erections*,
And unto your *ſuperiour Charms*
I *vail* the Honours of *my Arms*,
Theſe Arms like *Cloud diſperſing Thunders*
Have for this Hour-paſt done *Wonders*,
Look round (ſays he) behold what's mine
What e'er thou ſee'ſt is rightly thine,
Houſe, Barns, and Stable, their produce,
All is for eating good or uſe;
Be gracious to my Wiſh, and win 'em;
Take all *without*, and all *within 'em*:

Be to *me*, and the *Cauſe* Propitious,
And purchaſe Pleaſures moſt delicious.
I'll take thee to fair *London Town*,
Give thee a *Hoop* and *Silken Gown*:
Set thee the *firſt Row* in the *Play*,
Among the *Gaudy*, *Rich*, and *Gay*;
Deckt out with *Jewels* from the *Miner*,
Fine as the *Squire's Wife*, or *Finer*:
How mighty well muſt that *ſoft Bum*
Refin'd, a *modern Zeal* become;
When *riſing* in its *pious Airs*,
It turns *contemptuous* on the *Prayers*:
How ſoft this *Boſom* fill'd with *Poſies*,
Adorn'd by *Oak Boughs*, and *White Roſes*.
This *Side-Face*, when improv'd with *Patches*,
That *Tongue* when *warbling Tory Catches*;
Can't *fail* to undermine the *Laws*,
And *ſtrengthen*, and *ſupport* the *Cauſe*.

YEAR *marvellous!* and firſt in *Glory!*
Sacred to *Fame*, and *Female* Story!
So long * as *Scoon* or *Fame* endure,
So long art thou of *Praiſe ſecure*.
Then *rich Attire*, and *favour'd Dreſſings*,
For *Ave Mary's* went, and *Bleſſings*;
With *Diamond Ear-rings*, and *their Croſſes*,
They *parted*, nor eſteem'd them Loſſes.

---

* *A Town in* Scotland *where the* P—r *was Crown'd.*

The *Houſhold Plate* too, went moſt willing,
All! Even to *Queen Beſs*'s Shilling.
With *Locks of Hair*, by way of *Riddle*,
Some *Six-pence crook'd*, ſome *broke* in *middle*.
On *Cavalier* in *kind* Behaviours,
They tye their *Garters* for their *Favours*.
Succeed, [they cry] and as *you love it*,
Take all *that binds*, and all *above it*.

So ſhall my *Blowzabella*'s Name,
Stand *equal* with the firſt in *Fame*;
Succeſs *undoubted* being come *over*,
It *landed* a Week ſince at *Dover*:
A *Bull*, with Fulminations in it,
Deſtroys *ten Thouſands* in a *Minute*.
Anathema's in *Conclave* brew'd,
Which execute like *Bullets chew'd*;
Power *to looſe*, and Power *to bind*,
Maids to *make lovely*, Sweet-hearts *kind*:
Exorciſms to preſerve your *Vines*,
And keep *Old Satan* from your *Swines*.
Saints Bones, which cure *Cramps* and *Stitches*,
And free you from the Fear of *Witches*.
Pardons, *Indulgencies*, and *Freedoms*,
Gracious declar'd—to all *that need 'em*:
Further your Favour to *get into*,
Our *Maſter's Head* in *Metzotinto*
I do preſent in *Manner* lowly,
Done from *High Maſs*, in *Poſture Holy*.
As like Old *Daddy*, and his *Mother*,
As one *Saint's Bell* is like *another*.

In a fine *Frame* I'd have you *caſe it*,
And go, and next the *Doctor*'s place it.

THE *Gipſey* ſtar'd upon the *Volke*,
And *grinn'd* and *bluſh'd* to help the Joke,
The more effectual to degrade him,
She *twenty Thanks* and *Curt'ſies* made him.
Set forth a cold Repaſt like *Locket*'s,
And with *Ripe Codlings* fill'd their *Pockets*.
Now levell'd Knife in Hand 'gainſt Muſtard,
Ramparts of *Plumbs*, and *Forts* of Cuſtard,
In Diſhes of clean Earthen Ware,
Stood Raſs, and Straw, and Mulberries fair,
Butter new-churn'd, and Cheeſe of Cream,
And Order was the ſtanding Theme;
Good Will goes round, and Freedom blooms,
And Hands *deſtroy*, and Teeth *conſumes*.
Cream of the Jeſt I'd ne'er forgot,
In *middle* ſtood a *large Brown Pot*
Of *Sillabub*, in which fair *Blowſee*,
Making *Stale-Beer* and *Milk Eſpouſee*.
Had *Powders* mixt in, of a power
To *gripe* and *open*, cleanſe and ſcour.
Then Orders giving *Clod-Pate* ſlily,
Who as they were engaged highly,
Ran in, as under great Surprize,
Short-breath'd, with *Terror* in his Eyes.

MEISTURS! (ſays he, in great Impatience)
I'v zelves you *love*, or your *Releations*,

I wod'n't 'ave yow *longer ztay*,
Then proy yow *moind* what I've to zay,
Vull vourſcoer *brite Bleads* in Scarlet,
Ar zhown *this Woy*, by goody Vorlet,
Raerly well mounted, ſtrong and able
As e'ar *draw'd Teaem*, or ſtood in Steable,
A Piſtol on *eaech Showlder* hung,
And by *eaech zide* a Carbine ſlung,
With broaed *drawn Swoerd* in eaech right Hond,
Theeir very Looeks would *meak one ſtond*;
A *daienty vine Mon* reds bevore 'um',
And *one beehind* vor to zecure 'um,
Bedizen'd all wee' *Gawlden Leace*,
Zure 'tis *the King and Preinces Greace!*
And *theaſe* I foncy are his *Noebles*,
Don't theink I tell *yow auny Foebles!*
But uſe *goud Luck* the Teime has gi'n ye,
And *ſçouer off*, as *Dee'l war* in ye,
Bevore 'um in a norrow Woy
I overturn'd a *Lode of Hoy*,
And lev't 'um zwearing vor their Cure,
(Not *tweanty Vurlongs* off I'm zure!)

UP ſtrait they riſe forgetting *Rules*,
And down goes *Tables*, *Chairs*, and *Stools*,
And in their *Fright* and haſty Pother,
One Soldier *tumbles* o'er the other;
Nor leſs *the Knight* the great Commander
Then *Subalterns*, concern'd i' th' *Slander*,
Who running againſt Threſhold ſtumbl'd,
And *Heels* above the *Head* he *tumbl'd*,

When

When being by the Fall unable
To make *Retreat*, moſt formidable
He calls to *Order*, bids them ſtand,
But they regarding no Command,
Obey'd true Inſtinct to the *Letter*,
Though him *they lov'd*, themſelves *lov'd better*.
Now you muſt know that *Clodpate* idling
Rogue like, had gone and hid their Bridling,
And *pour'd* a-croſs the Rump of Horſe,
A *Stimulate* whoſe ſearching Force;
No ſooner had they mounted *clean*,
And each got *faſt hold* by the Mane,
Than Beaſts *grow ruſty*, flings and kicks,
Their *Riders ſwear*, and clings and pricks,
Before, and eke *behind* they raiſe,
Diſperſe, and take to *different Ways*,
Some *headlong* ran into a *Wood*,
Their Faces *ſcratch'd* and *ſmeer'd* with *Blood*,
Some *treſpaſs'd* upon *ſtanding Corn*,
From *Road*, and out of *Knowledge born*,
Some leaping over *Hedge*, and *Ditches*,
Were ſeiz'd with *in*, and *outward Stitches*;
By *Falls* ſome *ſadly bruis'd* and wounded,
Were taken *Man and Horſe*, and *pounded*:
Fear, Haſte, and *needs muſt* burſt the Stitches,
And *Rapine dript* from *Knees of Breeches*;
Few by good Fortune *held together*,
With th' *common Loſs* of *Dung and Leather*,
And having undergone *Frights*, *Tortures*,
They ſafely got into *Head-Quarters*.

FROM which *great memorable* Day,
Foul *Pickle* and a *filthy Fray*,
It grew a *Proverb* far and near
That *Folk* in Da ger Sh——t for Fear,
Of this and other *private Pranks*
I expect from the *Hiſtorian* Thanks,
Memorials of this *valiant Fighter*,
Not being known by other *Writer*.

End of the ſecond CANTO.

CAN-

CANTO III.

AS Brother *Authors* one might quote
Of *greater*, and of *leſſer* Note,
Who falling under heavy Doubt,
No *Mortal's Skill* could bring about,
Having their *Muſes kick'd* while *jaded*,
Hopeleſs of *other ways* being aided,
Effectual to *o'ercome* Reſiſtance,
Do call in *Heaven* to their *Aſſiſtance*:
So, here I *Goddeſs* ſhall create,
And *place her* in the Poſt of Fate,
To wait upon *our Knight* in venture,
Like *Telemach* and *Daddy Mentor*,
Irregular to Eye, but Fair,
Her *Caſtle* floated in the Air,
And fickle *Clouds* and fairy *Ground*,
The *giddy Vehicle* ſurround,
Gainſt which *Reflections* riſe and paſs,
As to the Eye in *Looking-Glaſs*.

This

This *Goddeſs* call'd by th' *vulgar Fancy*,
Was skill'd in *Feats* of *Negromancy*,
A wanton, idle *Goſſip*, *Gipſy*,
Who *rambles* till her Head *grows tipſy*,
Lightſome, and *thinner* much than *Vapour*,
Who in the Time you'd *cut a Caper*,
In *downy Carriage*, form'd to pleaſe ye,
Than *Charriot* ſwift, or *Sedan* eaſy,
Shows *Men* and *Nations* far and near,
Whom *Drake* was *compaſſing* a Year;
And gives one a compleater ſwing,
Than *Ithuriel*'s Wand, or *Gyges* Ring,
One Moment runs you from the *Artick*
Pole, quite up to the *Antartick*,
Preſto! away again *ſhe ranges*;
From *Preſter John*, quite o'er the *Ganges*,
Shows the *Grand Turk* among his *Miſſes*,
A trucking *Hancherchief*, for Kiſſes;
Then doth the *Great Mogul* depoſe,
And leads him through his *Guards by th' Noſe*,
The *Priſoner* ſhe *relieves* from Chains,
The *Sick* ſhe eaſeth of his *Pains*;
And *Nuns* debauches, kept in Strictneſs
By Walls of *twenty Foot* in Thickneſs:
Sometimes ſhe'll lead you by the Noſe
Through Eaſtern Smells, and ſweets of Roſe,
Now *Syrens* entertain the Ear
With all the Muſick of the *Sphere*;
Again *regales* the luſcious Lips,
Ambroſia taſtes, and *Nectar* ſips;

Sometimes

Sometimes ſhe entertains the Eye
With all the Heart can ſatisfy;
Then reſts on Joys, whoſe Charms are killing
Ye Gods!—what Tranſports riſe from *feeling*.

Now ſoon as *Sol* had ſet for certain,
And Night drawn o'er her *ſable Curtain*,
And *Peace*, her *tranquil Court* to keep,
With *Silence* came from *Realms of deep*;
The *Goddeſs* through refin'd Expanſion,
Deſcended nimbly to *Knight's Manſion*,
And *Somnus*, with his *ſilken Finger*,
Did gently to an *Audience bring her*;
From this Conjunction what befel
Our *Knight*, remains for him to tell.

Aurora from *Pavillion* riſing,
Reveals herſelf in *Gaud* ſurprizing,
All *Nature cheer'd* ſalutes her Ray,
And *ſmiles* in great *Expence* of Day:
When *Knight* a gentle Sigh had fetch'd,
And three times *yawn'd*, and three times *ſtretch'd*,
Awoke to Light, and giving Thanks,
Like's betters, left to *meaner Ranks*:
Cauſticus taking look *Demure*,
Carefully opens Chamber Door,
And *Knight* in kind Concern addreſt
To know his *Eaſe* and know his *Reſt*,
Alas! quoth he! and fetch'd a Groan,
Would melt *a Heart*, if made of Stone,

I'm

I'm in a *ſad* and *doleful* taking,
Whether I'm ſleeping or awaking:
No ſooner had I ſhut my Eyes,
But *Shrieks*, and *Groans* and peircing Cries,
Ghoſts, *Monſters*, and *Hob-goblins* frightful
Stood glaring ghaſtly, *in my ſight full*,
Ideas horrid without Number,
Diſtracted, broken Dreams, and Slumber.

In Nature's Pride and higheſt Pleaſure
I was tranſported beyond meaſure;
When as *Scenes* ſudden chang'd by *Whiſtle*,
I Hill aſcend, o'er-ran with Thiſtle,
Here an *Old-Hag* I bid Good-morrow,
Her Name I after heard was *Sorrow*;
A Meagre, ſhrivel'd, gaſtly Being,
Who had with Weeping loſt her *Seeing*;
Naked She was unto the Waſte,
Thence rather *cover'd o'er* than dreſt;
One Hand lay *twiſted* in her Hair,
Through which *five frightful Nails* did ſtare,
The other *thumpt her naſty* Breaſt,
Grim'd o'er with *Dirt*, and void of *Reſt*.
Upon a Brake of Bryars laid,
Incontinent ſhe *curs'd* and *pray'd*;
From *Light*, and *Thought* herſelf ſhe hid,
Diſorder was in all *ſhe did*:
Lips *trembling*, and Eyes fill'd with *Rheum*,
She cry'd what Mortal durſt preſume!
Shame and *Diſgrace* attend commands,
And point him out with painful Hands.

THEY come with all their *ſooty Tribe*,
'Twere endleſs thoſe for to deſcribe;
Grim diſcontent did head the Party,
Some *Shadowy*, and ſome really *Hearty*.
Some *Halters* bore, and ſome bore *Whips*,
And ſome the *Whims* which *Maidens ſlips*.
Some burden'd were with *bodily Ails*,
Some their *Wives Tongues*, and ſome *their Tails*.
Many with *Texts* they can't explain,
And more with *Meagrims* of the *Brain*.
Cum multis aliis, which to mention,
Were to impoſe on your Attention.

THROUGH a dry, barren, fruitleſs Soil,
They me convey in painful Toil,
Horror with endleſs Darkneſs meets,
And *hollow Groans* the Terror greets;
Thunder, Hail, Lightning me affright,
I ſuffer all the *Rage* of Night;
Hopeleſs of ever being eas'd,
Still as I ran, the Dread *increas'd*:
Diſtracted by an equal *Need*,
I can't *return*, nor yet *proceed*.
And now the *Skies* do ſeem to fall,
And now on *Mercy* I do call,
Murder ariſe, and *cleaves* the Ground,
I hear the *Echo* it reſound,
Grow pale, and trembling, looſe my Breath,
And ſink in *Tyranny* of Death.

Affected

Affected by this ſad Miſchance,
I fell as 'twere into a Trance,
And chang'd methought my very *Being*,
Reſerving only Senſe and Seeing.
Pythagoras I think they ſay,
Held an Opinion in his Day,
That Souls by *ſhifting* of their *Cloaths*,
New-natur'd, in *new-Forms* aroſe,
Maintaining it might come to paſs,
A *Wit* might paſs into an *Aſs*.
So I methought was *tranſmigrated*,
And odly in my Nature fated,
To *Vehicle* of *Glaſs* in Figure,
Quart Bottle kind, but vaſtly *Bigger*.
At laſt recovering my Surpriſe,
I faintly op'd (methought) my Eyes;
Perhaps a *Paradox* this ſeems,
But what Conſiſtencies in Dreams!
Well this Objection to withdraw,
I ſaw, at leaſt, I *thought* I ſaw.
A *Throne* ſtood forward to my Sight,
Surrounded by th' aforeſaid *Sprites*:
On *Downy Pillows* idly lay,
And in *High-Sloath* diſſolv'd away,
Lownging on Arm, a *heavy Being*,
Irkſome to ſelf, and ſick of *Seeing*;
Indulgence but the more him *teas'd*,
None *pleaſing*, he's with nothing *pleas'd*.
His Robes were *looſely* diſcompos'd,
A *Wreath* of *Hellebore* inclos'd

His

His Head, half *overcome* with Hair,
Steady in Grief, and *ſtubborn* Care:
When lo! methought the *gloomy God*
Ey'd me, and gave a *lazy* Nod;
A *Spectre* then advanc'd with *Funnel*,
And clapt into my Jaws for *Tunnel*;
While others to their Buſineſs skill'd:
With *Poppy-Water* me quite fill'd,
And now to cork me they prepar'd:
This I imagin'd, or elſe heard;
Grew cold, at th' very *Thought on't* quak'd,
In *Sweat*, and want of *Breath* then wak'd.

AH! Friends! be careful how you *ſhake me!*
Leaſt in the ſtirring me you *break me!*
Iv'e ſeen in *Viſion* Change approaching,
And now I *feel it* more incroaching;
A *Stupor* reſts in all my Limbs,
My Heart *beats thick*, my light Head *ſwims*.
I'm certain, I'm already *brittle*,
Conſult my *Urine*, and my *Spittle*:
Cauſticus Urinal then took,
And with *Solemnity* it ſhook,
And by Condition, and its Colour,
Found *Knight* was ſadly gone in *Dolour*;
Sir Knight (quoth he) I ſcorn to flatter
Ye, therefore take the ſhort o' th' matter;
Do you not find your ſelf grip'd? — *Sadly!*
And bound in Body? — *Very Badly!*
Dulneſs of Spirits, Spleen affected,
And Mind? — *Extremely much dejected*;

Juſt as you repreſent I'm fated,
Why then you're juſt half-way tranſlated;
What the Learned call in *Embryo*,
Or as the Egg is Chick in *Membro*:
And in 'bout twenty Hours more,
You're *real Glaſs*, or Art's unſure:
But more particular to explain
Your *Dream*, and what I've ſaid maintain.

Upon a black unlucky Hour,
Jove went in ſearch of *new Amour*,
Pimp *Mercury* having Maſter's *Warrant*
For Abſence on ſome other *Errant*;
Dame Juno came and catch'd him *napping*,
One *Bauble* for another *rapping*.
In *High Conjunction* with a She,
De Facto paſſant Rem in Re;
And with Reproaches, Sobs and Tears,
Set Heaven together by the Ears.
The *God* on this did bounce and huff,
He had nought for't but to *look Bluff*.
And angry with *old doating Eol*,
Who'd *charge* to look out ſharp and ſee all,
As ſtretch'd the *drowzy God* was laid
Upon the Ocean's owzy Bed,
Having found out the droniſh Sluggard,
He roſe in Dudgeon Mood and b —— d,
And out of him a *God* he fumbled,
On which *blind Homer* ne'er once ſtumbled.
This is the individual *Power*,
You have been ſummoned before,

His

His *Court* you naturally deſcribe,
His *Aſpect*, and his *gloomy Tribe*,
Hypocondria is his Name,
Mighty in *Power*, and great in Fame.

LYRICKA ſeems in great ſurprize,
And ſpeak your *Wonder* from your Eyes,
You can't be brought to think I warrant,
A Change can happen ſo apparent;
You ſeem not to perceive him *going*,
Not th' Laws of *Transformation* knowing,
Can Senſe ſo *groſs be*, need I tell ye,
How much *even now* he's run to Belly,
If I *am* or *have* ever been true!
He's *tranſparent*, and may be *ſeen through*,
It's very *Form* unto the Life,
As like Glaſs, as like Salt *Lot's Wife*,
I hope you don't your Paſtor doubt,
If in the leaſt pluck both Eyes out,
The faithful don't ſo *plainly* ſee
Why *two* and *one* ſhould ſtill make *three*:
Or why at Pleaſure of the *Prieſt*,
Bread mayn't be chang'd to very *C—t*;
Object you may this may be my Church,
But not profeſs'd by *you*, or *High-Church*,
Hath not the Prophet of *St. Saviours*,
And all thoſe copy'd his *Behaviours*,
Taught *Charity's* beſt ſhown in *Curſes*,
And *Principles* in filling *Purſes*,
The *Scrupulous* are worſe than *Evil*,
And righteouſly deſerve the *Devil*?

That who with Bread they *bleſs not*'s cram'd,
Shall moſt *infallibly* be *damn'd*;
'Twere proper for the *publick Good*
Scriptures were *read*, not *underſtood*,
And that they'd abſolute *Commiſſion*,
To pull down *Reaſon*, by *Tradition*?
Yet are theſe *Truths*, and Truths in *Seaſon*,
How e'er they ſeem to *claſh* with *Reaſon*.

THEN heed well, what *Tradition* ſaith,
And forfeit *Senſe* to favour *Faith*:
A Power as the *Schoolmen* prove it,
Not againſt *Reaſon*, but *above* it;
Tradition which makes *black* a *Colour*
The moſt rever'd of any *other*,
Whence *ſolemn Looks*, and *ſtubborn Faces*
Are *Vehicles* wherein ſtill *Grace is*,
Lights every *backward Age* hath ſeen by
The Crutches on which Criples lean by,
Diſtinguiſh'd by the *upward* ſeat,
Some few have *pray'd*, but more have *eat*:
Tradition, which doth make Men wiſe
'thout pain of *Thought*, or uſe of *Eyes*,
Lordly Tradition, which determine
How far Men *are*, or *are not* Vermin,
Which fixeth *right* and *wrong* on Baſis
Of *good Aſſurance*, as our Caſe is,
And ſurely maketh *Peace* with *Heaven*,
As ſure as *four* and *three* makes *ſeven*.
Dread Power! to which we owe the Merits,
That *Prieſt* ſucceſſive *Prieſt* inherits,

Still

Still to *impoſe*, *enſlave*, and *kill*,
As ſerves the *Cauſe*, and ſuits their *Will*;
To which we owe ſuch lightning Beams,
Such *pious Nods*, and *holy Dreams*,
Surprizing *Hopes*, and ſhocking *Fears*,
Of *hundreds* and of *hundred* Years.

WHAT'S more deceitful than *Appearance*;
Is own'd by every Hour's *Experience*,
All *Colours* are but Rays *infracted*,
By different *Mediums* enacted.
Hence that *Snow's black* are held by Men
Who right its Principle do *kenn*.
As Things *do ſeem*, not as they are,
We *ſuperficially* declare,
And Senſe by which Mankind *proceeds*,
Him principally moſt *miſleads*;
Some tell the *Moon* is made with Green Cheeſe,
Some its *Diameter* by Inches,
You'd think the *Sun* is full of *Warmth*,
But that Opinion *Reaſon harm'th*;
It hath indeed the *Power* to call out
Thoſe Properties, as oft times fall out,
And is of ſuch a ſoveraign Uſe
And Texture, it doth Heat produce:
So Saints in ſolemn Sobs do win us,
By ſtriking out the Light within us.
What will you ſay, if it's confeſt
By ancient *Sages* *, and the beſt,

* *Plato*, *Pythagoras*, &c.

Spacious howe'er the Worlds extreams,
Though heavy, dull, and groſs it ſeems,
Without a brisk, or likely Feature,
Is one entire, living Creature;
For Proof of it, the Learn'd agree
The Ebb, and Flowing of the Sea,
Is nothing but its vital Breath,
The Reſpiration of the Earth:
Preying upon it ſelf it lies,
And matter various modifies,
Which entering through forms the Liſts,
By change declines, by change ſubſiſts,
Matter being with Exiſtence link'd
So neceſſarily, it can't be extinct.
Let this Philoſophy ſuffice
As Caution, *how you truſt your Eyes.*

THE *Knight* can only the Judge be
Whether he be *enſlav'd* or *free*,
Ego cogito, ergo ſum,
(Sir — the Sack-Whey! — (quoth Cauſtick) *Mum!)*
A Principle both ſure and ſmart is,
If you'll believe the great *Des-Cartes.*
To know our ſelves is held moſt *wiſe*,
And this from *ſelf Reflections* riſe,
We judge of what *we bear about us*,
But all's conjecture *lies without us*;
Man therefore never ſelf *deceives*,
Since *ſelf*'s that very *ſelf* believes:
Having thus *plainly* made it out,
And my Aſſertion *prov'd* paſt doubt,

A little

A little farther I ſhall run,
Give a few Inſtances and done.
I wott, you've read of *Nebuchadnezar*,
His Caſe was perfectly as theſe are,
And *Ovid's Metamorphoſis* ſhew,
How much that Age theſe Transforms knew.
I knew one pregnant was with Rat;
And forc'd for it to ſwallow Cat:
One ſinging had in Head *fort Malade*,
Which came by wiping Bum with Ballad,
A noted *Stock Jobber* who was
A Wolf, and had its *Teeth* and *Claws*,
And a fat *Prebend* which through Fear
~~Spread out, and grew an *Elbow Chair*~~,
Hogs hid in *Husbands* frequent paſſes,
And *Virgins* which in *Venice Glaſſes*
Have held together in the *chooſing*,
But flew the Touch, *and crack'd in uſing*.
An honeſt *Baker* (ſaid to ſtutter)
Once fancy'd he was made with *Butter*,
And coming into ſight of *Sun*,
Inſenſibly to *Oyl* did run;
King *Pretus's Girls*, (of no leſs Faſhion,)
Were ſo *tranſported* by this Paſſion,
That they converted were to *Kine*,
And *grunted*, *eat*, and *ſtal'd* like *Swine*:
More early ſtill —— a Man had a Senſe
If he ſhould *Urine*, 'twould drown *Athens*,
But *merciful* to hinder *Slaughter*
Moſt *manfully* he held his *Water*,
And in an *Inſtant*, ſure as Gun,
He ſwell'd like *Heidelburgha Tunn*,

Per-

Perſiſting ſtill *enlarg'd* his Potion,
Until he held 'bout *half an Ocean*;
And but for accident had drown'd,
The *whole World* *, as he did the *Town*:
Which taking Fire, the *whole in doubt*,
And all the People *running out*,
A dreadful Deluge he did void,
And *ſav'd* what elſe he had *deſtroy'd*.
Endleſs the Inſtances have been
From Writings *ſacred* and *prophane*;
Briefly the which for to unfold——
——But ſtay——the *Poſſet* will be *cold*.

---

* *Inſtances*, vide *Burton*.

End of the third CANTO.

CAN.

CANTO IV.

SIR *Valetude* now left alone,
Turns himself round in *gentle moan*,
And fixing of his Eye on *Table*,
Saw rang'd in Order *formidable*,
Artillery rais'd at *random* Skill,
Which oft secure, but oftner kill,
Your *Apozems* and lordly *Pectorals*,
Like *Colonels* and Prince *Electorals*,
Your *Mixtures*, *Linctus*'s and *Julep*,
In Order for to make the *Rule up*,
Draughts for to take a going to *rest*,
And *Sal Volatile* Drops the best;
Boluſſes, *Powders*, *purging Pills*,
For *real* and *imagin'd* Ills,
Were plac'd to keep the *narrow Paſſes*,
And guard the *Avenues* to A---s,
Supreme to all without *diſparadge*,
The *Gliſter* mounted ſtood on *Carriage*,
Each filling orderly his *Rank*,
In *Front* and *Rear*, and *File* and *Flank*:

In *Sickneſs* what availeth *Wealth!*
The *Difference* 'twixt it and *Health!*
I who have ſeen (quoth he) that *Board*
With every delicacy *ſtor'd:*
Rare *humming* Beer of three Years-Old,
In *Beaker* ſtood of *Maſſy Gold*,
Rat-Gut upon each other Arm
In burniſh'd *Silver*, for meer Form,
With *Caniſters* to point the *Taſte*,
'Gainſt *Glaſſes* upon *Salvers* plac'd,
Beneath a *Ciſtern* finely *freighted*
With ſcarceſt *Wines*, and deareſt *rated*,
O! Woeful Change! and I to be yet!
That ever I ſhould *live* to ſee it!
So ſaid, he lifted up the *Cloaths*,
Sunk in a *ſigh* and took *a Doſe*.
Lyricka got in Room 'bove *Maſter*,
(The higher Muſe, it ſoares the *faſter*,)
A Cravat of Black Crape did bound
The neck of Shirt, as black as Ground,
Though others ſay that this is Flam,
He ne'r wore *Shirt*, 'twas only *Sham*,
The upper Part of an old Stocking,
In which he tuckt his Ears and Looks in,
An old black Coat him girt about,
Which *ten hard Winters* had *ſeen out*,
And here, and there a new piece courted
Ally'd to it, It, it *ſupported:*
Shoes which had never a good *Sole*,
And *Stockings* which upon the whole,

Were to the *Equipage* right meet,
Leggs *dairn'd*, and of *courſe Cloath* the Feet:
In *Chair* he ſat with *half a Bottom*,
And *feeble* Back, ſo *Fortune* lot 'em
Who run their *Heads* againſt the *Muſes*,
Elves neither *Art* nor *Nature* chooſes,
A *Vehicle* to hold his Ink,
One for his *Urine*, one when *drink*,
A hard *Flock Bed*, one Curtain bare
Which *Window broke* expos'd to Air,
Save what's prevented by ſome *Catches*,
He'd paſted *provident* in *Patches*:
And were together *Emblem* fit,
How *few Things* ſatisfy a Wit;
Who is tranſport with Fire *Cæleſtial*,
Ne'er ſtands in need of what's *Terreſtial*,
Since *Fancy*, ready at his call,
By *Slight* of *Head* creates them all:
Here oft he *Pegaſus* beſtrides,
And over Hills and Mountains rides,
Sometimes an humbler ſtrain rehearſes,
And taggs the Ends of *Bell-Man*'s Verſes,
From Peaſcod *Moll* in *homely Bonnet*,
Corinna reigns, and *lives* in *Sonnet*.
Corinna full of matchleſs Beauty,
From flowing Treſſes to her Shoe-tye,
From *Lais* ſo *Madona's* painted,
And ſlight of Hand a Strumpet ſainted.

But now a harder Task he tries
In Woes of baniſh'd Prince to riſe,

A Quire

A Quire of White-brown Paper fold
In Hand, for Truncheon ſerv'd, when roll'd,
The Moth-eat Curtain he had kept,
Enſign of Royalty adept,
Pinn'd to his Shoulder, ſwept the Plain,
In full three Yards of ragged Train.
The Chamber-pot turn'd upſide down,
Stood for the ſighing Heroes Crown:
(For Authors truly Things to paint,
Should be what they would repreſent:)
Now Earth he blames, now Heaven defies,
Diſtort in Body, Throat and Eyes,
He pours out Fuſtian 'gainſt the Skies,
Until he'd brought about the Nation,
And vapour'd Heaven t' a Reſtoration.
When *Chance*, a Power great Things oppoſe,
In ſpite, took ſhape of Squire's Noſe,
And getting of the Crown within,
Slipt it quite down unto his Chin,
By Charm ſecur'd like Rat in Gin;
Thoughts loſt, diſmaid, and full of Grief,
Cauſticus came to his Relief.

On Brandy Cask, and Oyſter Barrel
Oppos'd they ſat t' conſult, not quarrel;
Knight to confeſs they ſoon agreed,
The Doubt was how they ſhould proceed,
It being objected want of Parſon,
To carry Orthodox the Farce on;
Contrition's thrown away in waſte,
E'er Heaven can hear, the Prieſt muſt taſte:

Partly

Partly through Zeal, and partly Pride,
Lyricka choſe the Teſt t' abide;
And from a Love to Power mov'd,
Enter'd his Claim, and thus it prov'd:

WHAT I have done, and what I've ſuffer'd!
Witneſs ye Powers! which ruleth upward!
You've ſeen me through the Tiles in Garret,
All mid-day how my Brains I ferret;
Condemn'd obſcurely for to think,
In want of Bread, and want of Drink,
On Hints to *Miſt*, and Innuendos,
Of * *Cacafogues*, and *Ferdinandoes*,
Which hath produc'd as Muſe ſaw fitting,
A *Gaylard*'s laſt Shift, or *True-Britain*;
On that laſt Labour of my Mind,
A Month I comfortably din'd;
And thank my Stars have liv'd to ſee,
The World with Author did agree,
Juſtly to celebrate the Punn,
And graver Dreſs o'th' *Spaniards* Son.
The *Turnep-hougher*, that fam'd Ballade,
Fed me with Wine, and Lamb, and Sallad:
Bleſt Times! Lampoons fetcht Change of Raiment,
And Songs were ta'en by way of Payment.
In twenty Pamphlets I've the Danger
O'th' Church ſhown, tho' to it a Stranger;
Knockt down your *H--d-lies* and your *Wh--ſt—n*,
And prov'd that *Whigs* cannot be Chriſtians.

---

* *Caracters in the* True Britain.

Sometimes as Gentlemen of *Oxon*,
Or one his Country loves — with Pox on!
I ſome great Miniſter do Cat-claw,
And ſhow the Vice of this, or that Law.

You've ſeen me in the Midnight Sallies,
Through change of Forms, and purblind Allies,
In ragged Coat and empty Belly,
Slip in dark Hints of *Rig*, and *Kelly*;
Slily miſapplying Facts,
To th' *Quakers*, and *Poſt-facto* Acts.

Whigs, and their Partizans I drub,
Both with my Pen, and with my Club,
And full of Zeal, and full of Noiſe,
At Head of hundred Crabſtick Boys,
With a true Catholick Spirit poliſh'd
Them, and their Meetings have demoliſh'd.
Sometimes in Vizor we aſſault 'em,
Witneſs our Enterprize at *Waltham*;
And ſometimes with more barefac'd Air,
Electing Sh—r—ff, or Lord M———r,
Cloaking the ſpecious Diſcontent
With Church, and kingly Government.
My Hand was in the laſt Invaſion,
And dictated *Nump*'s Declaration;
At *Vintner*'s I did once preſide,
To ſet a Magiſtrate aſide.
And riſing with *ſuperior Care*;
Took *Hotſpur*'s haughty *Mien* and *Air*;

His

His *Fondneſs* of appearing wiſe,
His *Look* and his *uncertain Eyes*.
I boaſt ſome hundred *Diſpenſations*
For *Perjury* upon occaſions,
Inventing *Stories* to the *Seaſon*,
And putting of them off for *Reaſon*:
To give yet farther Proofs of *Merit*,
Stiff both in *Principle* and *Spirit*,
Once being for my *Service noted*,
I taken was, and ſo promoted;
Went through a *Courſe of Law*, was *Sainted*,
Nor in the *fiery Tryal fainted*.

Enſcons'd up to the *Ears* in *Wood*,
Three Yards above the *Crowd* I ſtood,
Surrounded by the *Powers* in *Office*,
The Fat, the Lean, the Old, the Novice,
Bearing their *Enſigns* in their Hand,
As *Ceremonials* of *Command*.
Upon a *Tripos* awful laid,
The *vulgar Offerings* to me made,
In much Solemnity and Pleaſure,
Amidſt *Huzza*'s, and Shouts *paſt Meaſure*,
Apples, Sprats, Pears, and Eggs are rotten,
Turnep-tops, Filth, and Herrings ſhotten;
Thence born, I three Months was confin'd,
And to *further Martyrdom* conſign'd;
Bound were my Hands behind a *Car*,
Like *Roman Triumph* after War;
And ſtript of *Robes* quite to the Waſte,
With *Croſſes* comfortably lac'd.

Probation for the *Saints* appointed,
From *Shoulder* to the *Flank anointed*.
All the Man in me did I *ſuborn*,
And ſtood it out *divinely ſtubborn*:
Theſe *Ceremonies* gone through *manful*,
The *Saints* me *Bleſſings* gave, a *handful*,
And put my Name into *red Letter*,
To mark *unlucky Days* the better;
Inducted me in *Prieſtly Form*,
And made me Orthodox as *Orm*,
Nor yet deſpair, the Time may come
Your Ear!—I ſhall be Biſhop,—Mum!

QUOTH *Cauſticus*, I muſt confeſs
Your Worth, alike to curſe, and bleſs;
Subſtantial Proofs of Grace and Spirit,
Of right the Order you inherit;
At preſent without more Digreſſion,
Do you proceed in his Confeſſion,
With ſpiritual Pump purge you his Mind,
Leave me the Premiſes behind.
What though no *Roman* Prieſt you be,
In Points material you agree,
Hand within Hand, you ever act,
When th' Cauſe requires, why not, when Fact?

VESTMENTS of Papal Church they choſe,
(What Power can Garbs, and Forms oppoſe!)
To theſe the Squire adds ſolemn Face,
A ſtately Port, and ſome Grimace,

Becoming

Becoming by this ſad Diſaſter
Chaplain, and conſequently Maſter * ;
Who to all Mortals claim the Preference,
And ev'n with Heaven equal Reverence.

Sir *Valetude* now gently rais'd
In Elbow-Chair, and Courage prais'd,
Was ask'd his Sins, and how lamented?
How? Where committed? How repented? —
With heavy Heart and weaker Head,
The Knight hem'd! faintly thrice, then ſaid;
——Oft have I gotten drunk damnably,
But 'twas to ſerve the Cauſe more ably,
Swore, curſt, and cheated through the Week,
Then took the Wafer truly meek,
Though not to Heaven, to th' Church was true,
Clear'd an old Score, and ſinn'd on new.
And Comfort t' is in my Diſtreſs,
Some Circumſtances, make Crimes the leſs.
I ne'er lay but with Wives of *Whigs*,
Nor e'er conceal'd a Tith of Pigs.
If a ſtray Child hath come by chance,
A double Fee I ſtill advance,
Pay a round Sum to ſave my Bacon,
And Diſpenſation had to rake on,
If of this, there appears a doubt,
Your Reverence muſt bear me out.

---

* *Vid. Collier.* † *Vid. Hicks.*

Who from above have Power t' enlarge,
Detain, or as you are paid diſcharge,
Heavens Gates your Perquiſite like Courtier,
And equal Power as modern Porter,
To turn in, or turn out as pleaſe,
Juſt as Men pay, or not pay Fees.
I hate *Diſſenters*, *Jews*, and *Turks*,
And am an old Dog at good Works,
And as from Dad, and Nurſe inherit
Implicite enterpriſing Spirit;
Witneſs! how paſſively I've ſwallow'd
What e'er hath by the Prieſt been hallow'd.
Oaths taken for the general bauſe,
Curſed King *G*——, and broke the Laws,
And poſitively do deny,
Man can be ſav'd thinks not as I;
My Reaſon I've Time out of Mind
To yours implicitly conſign'd.
And all true Brothers of the Cloath
With Jellies fed, and luſcious Broath,
Rich Wines, and Dainties moſt in Seaſon,
And eat and drank you from your Reaſon.——

YOUR Crimes are venial. Did you ever
Miſdoubt the Church? ——
——O! never! never!—
Never vainly into Myſticks ſpying,
Or of our Gown, or Conduct prying?
This Hereſy's of dangerous Doubt,
Where found, it ſhould be rooted out;

Your

Your Duty 's to believe, not know,
Our's ever to impoſe, not ſhow,
A reverend Practice of the Sages
Throughout all Churches, and all Ages.

Ah! Sir, you are exceeding wiſe,
All this I've done if this ſuffice.—
Do you allow of right Divine
In an Hereditary Line?
Never have bow'd a Knee to *Baal*,
Which Men th' eſtabliſh'd Church do call?
—Of this good Father! Witneſs bear!—
It's well, I do commend your Care!
'Tis difficult to know ſufficience,
Between Exceſs, and a Deficience.
Who truſts his Mouth without a Bridle
In caſe like this, is raſh and idle,
The beſt way to ſecure the Sinner,
Is to invite his Prieſt to Dinner;
And as they lay aſide the Maſter,
Eat, and drink with them—but not faſter.
I further kindly do approve
Your Zeal, and truly Chriſtian Love,
Approve your having paid a Sum
For paſt Sins,—I abſolve to come!
Parting with Money's ſure Relentance,
Nought more can indicate Repentance.
This Inſtance to the Church of Love
Is ſurely ratify'd above;
Let the Fanaticks make a ſport,
And droll on High-commiſſion Court,

Oppoſing

Oppoſing every Act that's regal,
As no ways reaſonable, or legal.
The Precept's poſitively ſtrong,
The Prieſt, and King can do no Wrong,
And abſolute ſhould be comply'd with,
Liv'd ſtiffly in, and ſtrongly dy'd with;
'Tis true, however it ſounds odd,
Who doubts his Prieſt, diſtruſts his G——.
——But I ſhall this no further urge,
Tell then your Beads, and take your Purge;
From what's been ſaid do you apply,
The Dinner waits ——more by and bye.

End of the fourth CANTO.

CAN-

CANTO V.

FROM Knight's Apartment Steps deſcend,
And a delightful Proſpect lend,
The Eye takes in with Ken profound
A fair, capacious, level ground;
Adorn'd with Fountains, Vaſes, Figures,
Of different kinds, ſome leſs, ſome bigger,
Diſpos'd ſo as might beſt be ſeen
Midſt Gravel Walks, and ever Green;
More diſtant Trees, Meanders bound,
And uniforms obedient Ground:
Here fragrant Mirtles, youthy Bay,
The Juniper, and Phileray,
Cypreſs, and prickly Holly grew,
And chear'd the melancholy Yew;
Hedges of Box, and Lawrels ſeen,
And Pyramids of vary'd Green;
Art, Nature's little Wants repair,
Ships float in Greens, Fiſh live in Air.

And

And Forms with Properties ſo join'd,
That She's both in, and out of kind:
Turf lies confin'd in Bows and Darts,
And gentle Box fringe tender Hearts,
The various *Flowers* adorn the Plots,
Salute and ſit in *Lovers Knots.*
An Emulation they declare,
And *breath* their *Sweets* to *virtuous Air:*
A fair *Orangery* theſe ſuit,
And the *Walls* ſwell with beſt of *Fruit:*
Further an ample *Walk* divides
A Wood, which cloſe *begirts* its *Sides,*
Each Hand beſet with *Marble Buſts,*
And *Statues* of the *Antick Guſt:*
A fine *Canal* relieves the Sight,
Intent, and aking with Delight;
And bears it forward, riſing gently,
O'er *Hills,* and *Plains,* and *Fields* of *Plenty:*
Groupes of *vaſt Beauty* would ſurprize one,
And bounded only by th' *Horizon;*
In *Centre* of this lovely *Wood,*
A ſpacious fair *Trianion* ſtood;
On *Pillars* rais'd of *Ionick* Order,
Which *Wreaths* of *Flowers* and *Fruit* did *border.*
Ten *Lights,* a *Viſto* either way,
Pour'd in a Flood of mildly Day;
A thouſand Beauties meekly riſe,
And ſmile to *Light* and diſtant Skies.
With a kind *Sun* the Shade agrees,
And wantons through the playſome Trees;

By *Zephirs* led in ſportive Play,
And whiſpers Pleaſures to the Day:
Fine *ſhady* Walks and cover'd *Arbours*,
Grotts, *Labyrinths*, and *tender Harbours*,
With diſtant Fall of Water, kind
Steal on, and *gently* ſtrike the Mind.
Meek *Solitude*, and *murmuring* Trees,
The purling *Streams* and *gentle Breezes*,
Which did this lovely Place ſurround,
Diffus'd a *Requiem profound*.
Cauſticus with Addreſs and Skill
Had got a Copy of Knight's Will,
And having ſummon'd to this Place,
Th' aforeſaid Neighbours on his Caſe;
Knight's Kinſman *Nick*, *Tumult* the Proctor,
And *Quelch* both Barber, and mad Doctor;
With Farmer *Freeland* ſimply Hearty
To honeſt Volke of every Party.
He taking of a Parchment Roll
From's Breaſt, read out the following Scroll.

IMPRIMIS, I give Heaven Refuſal
Of Soul, and Body, as is uſual;
Item, I give to Squire *B——b——r*,
In truſt, to ſee it ſafe in Harbour,
For th' *Chevalier de George*'s Uſe,
His Spouſe, and Bearn of their Produce;
One thouſand *Charles* and *James*'s Guineas,
To keep up their forlorn Retinues,
In equal Parts to be divided,
As equally they are derided;

Five

Five thousand Pieces 'mongst our Friends,
As best may serve the Cause's Ends.
I further give at the Disposal
Of holy *Benedict*, who knows all.
Videlicet, to grant Commissions,
To heighten, and stir up Divisions,
Men to inflame, and Heats instill,
In Country, City, Court, and Council:
A few more Legacies, and then
To rot, and stink like greater Men.
Dad *At—b—y* I give a thousand,
To buy perpetual Advowson.
Item, to *Billy Olw—b* fifty,
And recommend he would be thrifty.
To *J——y* who derives his Kin,
From Times as old as *Cataline*,
I leave my uncomfortable Views,
My Passion after Change and News,
All my *old Cloaths*, and shabby Zeal,
'Grainst Freedom, and the *common Weal*.
To Friends of *F—gd—n* without
I recommend they'd lay me out,
To bear my Pall, to decent Groan,
And all Things transitory moan.
Memento of th' approaching Hour,
When Strife and Faction is no more,
All Loyalists of th' self-same String,
To each of them I give a Ring.

I FARTHER give, that all may Share,
My Specimen of general Care,

Ten

Ten thouſand Pounds with it to build
An Hoſpital, as near to *Guild*
As poſſible, for Invalids,
Who in the Cauſe themſelves undid;
And with my worldly Goods endow it,
As far as Legacies allow it;
Theſe as they merit ſhall meet Reverence,
And as they've ſuffer'd claim a Preference.
Proffe how it came, and who it gave,
A *broken Head* ſhall notice have;
So up, as in degree it riſes,
A *whipping Poſt* the higheſt Prize is,
All who for greater good do harm Man,
From Parſon *Biſſe*, to *Voll* the Carman.
For Education of the Youth
Whoſe Dads have Martyrs fall'n to Truth,
My further Will is, they be brought
Up at my Charge, and Precepts taught;
A Library both fair and ample
I likewiſe found for an Example;
And *W—lt—n* do appoint Librarian,
The Terrour of the *Whig* and *Arian*:
A few particulars I'll quote,
Authors I've found of uſeful Note.
Don *Leſly*'s *Patriarchal Scheme*,
Filmer and *Bedford* on that Theme;
The learned Doctor *B——t* on *Schiſm*,
An able Comment upon Chriſm,
Collier on *Prieſthood*, *Hicks* on *Conſcience*,
And all Tracts *B——* calls ſolemn Nonſenſe:

At Head of *Abſolute Power* Treaters,
For Politicks, ſet Father *Peters:*
And *Rig* on Hieroglyphick Cypher,
To Treaſon Hint, one wou'd not die for,
Lyricka's Works in Proſe and Verſe,
(ESSAYS AS VALUABLE AS SCARCE)
S—lm—'s Hiſtory of *England*,
And *Bevil Hig—s* upon *Kingland:*
The Book of *Martyrs* running upward,
From *Fenwick* down to *Jemmy Shepherd*;
All uſeful Treatiſes on Witches,
Who change their Shape thro' Cats and Bitches,
Dreams, Viſions, and the Tale of Fairies,
Their Midnight Gambols and Vagaries,
Bound with the Life of *Flanders Moll*,
And *Echard*'s pretty Tale of *Noll.*
The laſt Edition to a Vowel
Of the ghoſtly Works of *Laurence H-w-ll*,
His comfortable Eaſe of Heart,
When in Probation for the Cart,
Ejaculations truly pious,
When Pomp and worldly Pow'r deny us.

LASTLY, I do appoint *Don Quixote*
The End of the great Hall to fix at,
In Volumes two for to peruſe,
Chain'd to their Desks, for gen'ral Uſe,
On Royal Paper and fine Letter,
And bound in Calf of kind the better:
The Prints done after the fam'd *Coypell*
By *W——g——n*, who was his Diſciple.

He

He who deſign'd the Life of Maſter,
From's Birth to his *Dunblain* Diſaſter.

EXECUTORS of this my laſt
Will, in Diſfavour of all paſt,
I *Alberoni* and *Gualtieri*,
The *Charons* of the *Stygian* Ferry,
Appoint to ſee me ſafely landed,
O'er *Whirlpool*, and theſe Preſents ſtranded.
Witneſs my Hand this Tenth of *June*,
High-hip'd, and ſadly out of Tune.
Signed, and ſeal'd in our remark,
Nick Gooſequil, and *Lyricka Clerk*.

MANY Expedients were offer'd,
Objected to, and new ones profer'd,
To exerciſe the ſtubborn Elve,
And bring Sir *Valetude* to himſelf.
Nick of Opinion was, his Fate
Might beſt determin'd be by th' State.
Likely, quoth *Tumult*, with a Frown,
And ſo the Eſtate revert to th' Crown;
The *Farmer* mildly did ſuppoſe
His Errors from meer Ignorance roſe.
Strong Phyſick and ſubſtantial Reaſon,
Were therefore thought by him in ſeaſon;
Good natur'd though abſurd his Deeds,
Like fruitful Soil that's choak'd with Weeds.
Keep to your Province leſs profound,
Quoth *Proctor*, plow, and ſow your Ground:

When *Quelch* broke forth, 'sblood, *Sir*, I wonder,
What 'tis you mean?—ſet Breech 'gainſt Thunder.
Reaſon with him! why don't you preach,
To Storms, and wild Diſtraction teach?
Let me preſcribe, here is a Pother
'Bout taking this, and taking t'other,
Recipe Crab-ſtick, full a Pound,
In good Condition hard, and ſound,
With Energy of Arm-quadruple,
Mixt with Humanity—a Scruple.
And heartily his Shoulders greeting,
Miſs. Fiat——a good beating:
Repetatur, Night and Morning,
In quantity, all Mercy ſcorning,
'Twixt whiles, a pint of wholeſome Gruel,
Oatmel and Water boil'd o'er Fuel:
This done, a dark Room and Straw Bed,
His Hands confin'd, and ſhav'd his Head;
Shall ſooner bring him to his Senſes,
Than all the Powers of Moods and Tenſes;
Proceed, and don't the matter mince,
No Arguments like Stripes convince.

Tumult with magiſterial Air,
Awfully eas'd himſelf on's Chair,
Aſſuming ſolemn *Phiz* and *Sour*,
Did haughtily o'er *Tonſor* lour,
With Siliogiſm, Trope and Figure,
Low Senſe requiring Words the bigger,
Hard Terms and metaphyſick Rules,
And quaint Diſtinction of the Schools,

Adorn'd

Adorn'd his Ignorance gravely antick,
Moſt unintelligibly pedantick,
That vainly of this Learning mad,
He argu'd away the Senſe he had.

Cauſticus was of an opinion,
T' remove the Squire firſt from's Dominion.
And thought the Power of an Alarm,
Might go great way to break the Charm,
All muſt aſſiſt,———further to know
I ſhall acquaint you as we go;
Fear was the Cauſe of loſs of Peace,
Knight's Cure may riſe from its increaſe.

THEN gives Directions they approve,
And now the grand *Machine* to move:
With Speed he haſtens to the Knight,
And big with Symptoms of affright,
He thus addreſt the Squire (quoth he)
If Care of Self, or Love to me,
You have; I beg of you to flee.
I'm certainly inform'd the State
Have orders given for your Fate,
And that there's iſſu'd out a Warrant
To ſeize you as a Traytor Errant,
If you have Libels diſaffected,
'Gainſt Power by which you've been protected,
Directly give them to the Fire,
Stand not my Reaſons to enquire,
Sir *Valetude*'s ſecure from Eyes,
Wrapt up with his Glaſs diſguiſe,

But how you, *Sir*, can bear th' appearing,
From much Reſpect, I can't help fearing:
Nought apprehends ſo quick as Fear,
Guilt Terrors double makes appear:
Cauſticus runs, and eke the Squire,
And down they bring at leaſt ten Quire,
The Power of Apoſtolick Hands,
And Lordly Claim on Abby-Lands,
Tracts of Religion againſt Reaſon,
And Folio's upon Loyal Treaſon:
Eſſays whereby the Learn'd explain
The Bleſſings of a *Popiſh Reign*;
Earberry, *Bedford*,——— all the Tribe,
(Tedious and heavy to deſcribe)
Which from Oblivion held Inſurance
In *Addle-Heads*, and *Cobweb-Durance*.
Dabblers in Politicks and Fame,
Some with, but moſtly without *Name*,
Lyricka, immature Diſpatches
A Groſs of *Songs*, *Lampoons*, and *Catches*,
In Freedom,—— and in Nature's Spite
Born,——— but had hapleſs ne'er ſeen *Light*.
He theſe, with Father's Fondneſs parted,
Ah! Fortune cruel, and hard-hearted!
With great Reluctance went *Knight*'s *Will*,
And his *Commiſſion* with greater *ſtill*,
Whereby he doth reſign his *Place*
In piteous *Gear*, and doleful *Caſe*;
A *Cypher* likewiſe in the Haſte
Expir'd within the *general Waſte*.

Blank

Blank Notes of Hand, ſign'd *J. R.*
Of Credit 'bove the *Bank* by far,
As much as is the *Hierarchy*
'Bove *Alderman* and *Deputy*;
For *Laiety* 'gainſt *Pope* and *Prieſt*, ,
Is but as *Greater*'s to the *leaſt*.
And though the *Payment* be but *late*,
It will with Intereſt be *great*:
The Pile takes *fire*, the Flames ariſe,
And Treaſon *roars* againſt the Skies,
Sacred to *Dulneſs*, and the Shame
Of *Reaſons* great, a mighty Name.

Lyricka taking to his Heels,
Vengeance he *fears*, and Vengeance *feels*,
And getting to the Houſes Top,
Did down a Neighbour *Chimney drop*.
When reſcu'd from the *loneſome* Hole,
Smear'd o'er with *Soot*, and *Oil of Coal*,
He *croſs* his Shoulder threw a *Sack*,
Which *looſely cover'd* half his Back,
And forming of his *ſmoak'd-dry'd* Throat
To *Chimney-ſweep*, of ſhrilleſt Note,
By Favour of the ſaid *Diſguiſe*,
Secure from Fear of prying Eyes,
Knight of the *rueful Phiz* did enter,
And march'd in Search of New-Adventure.

When *Quelſh*, no more regarding Form,
Attacks, and *Caſtle* takes by *Storm*,

Equipped

Equipped like a *Headborough* Staunch,
Advancing firſt three Yards in *Paunch*,
Two *Whiskers* with a *Grimly* Grace,
Gave *Fright* unto a frightful Face.
Follow'd by *Conſtable* and Aſſiſtants,
Either to *treat* or make *Reſiſtance*,
Armed with *Staves* to bid the *Fight*,
And *Lanthorns* to command the *Light*,
(I ſhould have told you it was Night)
Quelch in the Centre falling in,
Reſting his *Head* on *Double Chin*,
And *Staff*'s commanding to the *Ground*,
Gracious declar'd in *Speech* profound.

Friends, *Repreſentatives*, and *Truſtees*
Of Power, Our *Foes* are fled from Juſtice,
And for the preſent have evaded
The Vengeance, by the which we're aided.
What more remains are Pleaſures gainful,
After an *Expedition painful*,
As *Pleaſure* doth to *Pain* ſucceed,
And healing *Balm* to Wounds that *bleed*,
So after Labour comes *good Cheer*,
The *Knight* hath Store of *humming Beer*.
Come on, my Lads,— but do not ſpill,
That Bottle take, and go it fill,
Gently, I pray, for fear you *craſh*,
Firſt to the *Pump*, and well it waſh.
Having their Cue, each gravely look'd,
As though for very *Glaſs* they took't,

When carefully they bore *Knight* out
To th' Yard, and plac'd him under *Spout*,
Two were ordain'd to *waſh* his Crown,
And *four* of them to hold him down.

THE firſt *Attack* he ſtood their *Mirth*,
Slight ſhook his *Ears*, *ſhort* drew his *Breath*,
Till moſt unmercifully led,
They pour a *Deluge* on his Head;
And ſo purſu'd the rude Alarm,
Would break the moſt *inveterate Charm*:
Then Mercy! Mercy! loud he cries,
Him *thrice* they hear, it *thrice* denies.
The Time that fifty might be told,
When *Quelſh* cries out—Hold Gentiles, Hold!
Mercy upon us! ——Bleſs my Sight!
And all of us! ——My *Noble Knight!*
Alas!——Why, *Brothers*, did you ever
Behold the like? —— *O! never! never!*
This all *ſurpaſſes!* —— I'm *confounded!*
All what? —— Pox on it, I'm half *drowned!*
Oh! Sir, quoth *Quelſh*, when firſt we ſet
Foot o'er your *Threſhold*, we in Entry met
A *brindl'd Bitch*, who at us *flew*,
To Arms we *ſtood*, I on her *drew*;
When ſuddenly ſhe chang'd her Make,
And a large *Tabby-Cat*'s did take;
At her I let my *Whyniard* fall,
You all are Witneſs? — *All on's!* —— *All!*
With that ſame Blow a *Limb* I took,
When vaniſhing ſhe us forſook:

The

The *Claw* ——(Amaze to underſtand)
Was chang'd to an old *ſhrivell'd Hand:*
Old *Goody Grub* we've found bereft
Of her's, the ſame, and *Hand the left.*
Who farther hath confeſs'd one *Lyrick*
With her in *League* hath given *Hiſterick,*
And kept you long Time in *high Fright,*
With *Fiend* by Day, and *Hagg* by *Night.*
Him we have *Power* to apprehend,
But ſtill the D———l doth him befriend.
But now we ſaw the *Wizard* riſe,
His *Cloven-Feet* and *Sawcer-Eyes,*
Above the *Houſe* he made his *Way,*
And *ſpread* a *Terrour* on the *Day:*
'Neath *Witch*'s Arm-pits we do find
Two *Duggs* of monſtrous *Size* and Kind;
Theſe ſhe acknowledges, two *Sprites,*
T' our *civil* and *religious* Rites
Enemies, daily ſuck'd their *Venom,*
And then infus'd it in your *Crannum.*
Hence it could only come to paſs,
You firſt appear'd to us *as Glaſs.*
But hope the *Enchantment* now at End,
In *Foes* Spight, and by Help of *Friend.*
Ah! quoth the Knight! What's this you tell?
But 't muſt be *true,* ſince what *befel,*
I have in *Bottle* been enchanted,
And as you ſay, *with Spirits haunted.*
Ah! Pity, Pity on me take,
Both for my *Body* and *Soul's* ſake!

I do

I do repent me, that I ever
Did 'gainſt the *Church* and *State* endeavour,
E'er let my Head to run a Gadding,
And after *Rome*, and *Slav'ry* Madding;
But *ſave me*,——as I hope for Mercy,
None ſhall hence forward more reverſe me.

As Fear and Hope Man's Intereſt paints,
Earth gets good *Subjects*, and Heav'n *Saints*.

Cauſticus properly appear'd,
All that had paſt he'd *taught* and *heard*,
But to diſguiſe the *Knight*'s being cheated,
The *Story* was again repeated,
At which *affecting* great *ſurprize*,
Horror all o'er *Limbs*, *Face*, and *Eyes*,
He ſtood inſenſible like one
That was converted into *Stone*,
While *Knight* did eagerly purſue,
Ah! my dear Friends! 'tis but too true:
Sit, ſit all down, and drink and eat,
Here's Plenty both of *Wine* and *Meat*,
Send, pray now, for the *Vicar* to,
What's thought convenient let him do.
For to prevent return of *Charm*,
And ſave me from a *further Harm*.

WHAT could ſeduce from *happy State*?
— The curſed *Itch* of being *great*:
What cauſe you 'gainſt the *State t' rebel*?
— You've heard the Influence of H——ll;

What

What was you to expect?—De'el rook 'em,
Vain State of Man:—not leſs than Dukedom.

When *Farmer Freeland* Bumper fill'd,
And thus went on in *Speech unskill'd*.

Meiſter, I hope it's no *Offence*,
I'm glad to zee you in your *Zenſe*,
Well make us thankful, worthy *Friends*,
Old *Satan* hath not got his *Ends*.
Mercy preſerve us all from *Glaſs!*
May *Popery* ne'er on us *paſs!*
And may our *Rights* be ſtill *zecure*
'Gainſt *Perkin* and the *zcarlet Whore*.
This is my *Toaſt*, come *Lads be nimble*,
I *cod* it's honeſt, though it's *zimple*.

In zhort, if we could live at eaſe,
Each Man ſhould his Condition pleaſe,
Nor let his Brain (as we do *zay*)
Run a Wooll-gathering another way:
Neibours (I zay) put 'bout the Ale,
Landlord, I cod! I'll tell ye a Tale.

INTRODUCTION.

MIGHTY's the *Prejudice* we find
Long Cuſtoms leave upon the *Mind*,
Riſe in the *Eye*, and taint the *Features*,
And *alamode* perverſe — are Natures;
This Obſervation's for my *Uſe*,
And ſerves my Tale to introduce:
Seeking what needleſs was thrown by,
(No matter to ſay where or why.)
But 'mong a *uſeleſs* heap of Things,
Which *Time* and *Chance* together brings;
As muſty *Rags*, the Head of a *Mop*,
Love's *Spinning-Wheel*, and my Boy's Top;
Old *Shoes*, a Pair in different Number,
Flasks, broken *Pipes*, and ſuch like *Lumber*;
Upon which *Slime*, and *Cobwebs* hung,
Inlaid with *Duſt*, and *Vermin's Dung*.
Here 'twas, I ſay, I haply found,
Diſconſolate upon the Ground,
O'er-ſmear'd with Dirt, in the Rubbiſh toſt,
Blinded in part, and part on't loſt,
A Character I could not ſpeak,
Chineſe it prov'd — to me ſeem'd *Greek*;

To purchaſe a good ſup of *Liquor*,
I hurry'd with it to the *Vicar*;
Submitting it in Terms moſt *ſerious*,
If fit t' be *known*, or held *myſterious*.

THE *Good Man* frankly did appear,
And ſet me in his *Elbow-Chair*,
You are welcome, Neighbour, pray ye reſt,
—Here!—*John!*— a *Tankard* of the beſt!
My *Bottle-Ale* is pure and ripe,
You *ſmoak* I think—*Sue!*—bring a *Pipe!*
Reſpectful he a Seat *ſecures*,
Then how do you?—— and how are *yours*?
Mutual Civilities thus paſt,
Well! what Price Corn at *Market* laſt?
Do you this Year in *Fruit* abound?
And how's your *Crop* upon the Ground?
I ſigh'd, and cry'd, we all are *undone*,
What's here ſays he?—the News from *London*;
In this *Place* (you muſt underſtand)
I put the *Paper* in his Hand,
In ſhort my Story to *purſue*,
I told him all that *I've* told you;
Begg'd of him for Compaſſion ſake
On me, and it, he'd Pity take
From *Popiſh Thraldom* it diſtinguiſh,
And read it to me in *plain Engliſh*:

HE readily within retir'd,
To do what of him I deſir'd,

Took

Took Pen in Hand, his Cuſhion choſe,
And putting Spectacles on Noſe,
A Dram of honeſt *Nantz* he ſwallows,
Then conſtru'd Word for Word, as follows.

The Tale of Pandora *amended from The Vulgar and receiv'd Copies:*

From an Old Manuſcript. *O Tempora!*
O Mores!

THE fair *European* hath a Tale
Of one *Pandora*, Source of Ail,
A Dame who had in her Poſſeſſion
A Machine brimful of Oppreſſion,
Where born, how bred, and how come by't,
If 't matters, I ſhall ſet you Right.
But ſo they ſay, that on a Time
(For ſome, I know not what of Crime)
She, wantonly inclin'd, betray'd it,
And, loving Miſchief, open laid it.
Hence riſe the *Hydra* foul Diſeaſe,
And all Antipathies to Eaſe;
Impos'd on Mankind hard Compulſions,
And ſet the World in ſtrange Convulſions:
But Cuſtom (as I ſaid before)
That ſenſeleſs, ſelf-wild, ſtubborn Whore,
Confining Men one Road to tread,
Heedleſs of what might elſe be ſaid,
Hath given the Story publick View,
In Circumſtance that's no way true:

It ſays this Caſe was made of Wood,
This Diſputeleſs was underſtood,
All Comments taking hence its Riſe,
What was its Nature? what its Size?
Agreeing all, ſtaunch Orthodox,
'Twas wide, and ſquare, like modern Box.
Suffice, I ſay, they err—like others
Of my learn'd controverſial Brothers,
Who thinking that it not behoves
To ſpend your Time, or theirs, in Proofs,
Conclude the matter ſhort and long,
Averring their Rival in the Wrong.

Why 'twas not, having thus ſhown Cauſe,
I next proceed to ſhow, what 'twas.
This I ſhall do conciſe as may be,
And makes it out as plain as *A. B.*
Without the common tedious Rules,
Authorities, and muſty Schools,
Stale Hear-ſay, and much formal Stuff,
It's Fact!—and that I think's enough.

It's Form was ſquare, that you might lay
Three *Engliſh* Inches either way,
It is not poſitively ſaid
Whether of Silk or Leather made;
But that it had in Neck ſmall Rings,
Which run and pucker'd upon Strings.
This She unto her Waſte apply'd,
And hung (*De Facto*) by her ſide.

HERE by the way it ſhould be noted
I've Evidence although unquoted,
A Favourite Child ſhe was of Heaven,
Of which they many Proofs had given,
Appearing lovely to be ſeen
In Beauty, Gift of Beauties Queen;
Apollo Muſick did diſpence,
Mercury gave her Eloquence,
And Wiſdom rightly theſe to ballaſt
Was given by — what d'ye call her? — *Pallas*:
Virtue deſerving ſuch a Truſt,
She had not any Vice or Luſt.

MORE matters not to you, or me,
Think but in Frontiſpiece you ſee
Expreſs'd ſignificant in Colours,
Man's various Reſtleſneſs, and Dolours.
A *Group* of *Figures* compaſs round
Pandora, fix'd in *fairy Ground*,
Confus'dly mixt the *great* and *leſs*,
Diſtinguiſh'd by their different Dreſs;
Clergy, *Committee-men*, and *Rooks*
Suppoſe (for Rhimes-ſake) ſtand with *Dukes*,
Men, Women, Widows, Maids and Matrons,
The *Poet*'s Shoulder 'gainſt his *Patron*'s;
Each one preſuming on his *Fortune*,
Preſs, thruſt, and earneſtly *importune*.
At *Hazard* if you've ever been,
Such *Men*, and *Actions* ſuch you've ſeen,
Engag'd upon the various lay,
Size-Duce oppos'd to *Quater Trey*.

THE *Goddeſs* in a peck of *Troubles*,
Begs, *treats*, and her Intreaty *doubles*;
But all in vain againſt ſuch *odds*,
Creatures more knowing than the Gods:
In *general* they contemn her *Fears*,
Expoſe her *Sighs*, and ſlight her *Tears*:
Firſt *murmur*, then *rebel* of Courſe,
And part by *Words*, and part by *Force*,
Compels the Ill, neglect her *Prayers*,
And makes the conſequent on't *theirs*,
Provok'd the *Purſe-ſtrings* to undo,
And out th' infectious *Meteor* flew.
Then might you ſee, ſad to *deplore*,
Men little leſs than *mad* before,
Croud up and *thicken* in their Ranks,
A *Scene* of melancholy Pranks;
The Air unlike what 'twas before,
A falſe deceitful *Medium* bore,
And Particles of Light did leave
T' diſtract the *Senſe*, the *Sight* deceive,
Hence the Diſtemper did appear
That Men ſaw *Caſtles in the Air*:
And full of *Care*, and full of *Pain*,
Alternately they *looſe* and *gain*,
And are but where they were before,
Still *preſſing*, ſtill *deſiring* more;
Like Madmen who in Fever high
The more they drink, the more they're dry.

OUR *Sovereign's Effigy*—God bleſs him!
Fine as Mankind in Gold could dreſs him,

Lifted

Lifted three Yards above the *Cauſe*,
Seem'd every *thing* but what it was,
To one ſubſtantial *Beef* and *Muſtard*;
To th' *Boys* 'twas *Pudding*, *Pye*, and *Cuſtard*;
To ſome that's more intenſe for Gain,
A *Mace*, *Fur-gown*, and *Golden-Chain*,
Others more gone in Faith, believes
A *Roſe*, *ſtarch'd Band*, and *Pudding Sleeves*;
And now again they ſee it *righter*,
It's Form is *chang'd*, —— and it's a *Miter*;
Now it looks like a long *white Wand*,
And then again —— *Power Houſes*, *Land*,
Preſto! fine *Wines*, and *Females* ſmarter
Paſs and begone! —— a *Star and Garter*:
To tell Particulars were tedious,
With Actions mad, and Looks egregious,
They vary in their *different* Views,
And that ſtill *ſhifts*, as thoſe *purſues*,
As *Æſop*'s Dog in Fable mad oh!
Subſtance they leave, to follow *Shadow*,
Fondly perſwaded each will *riſe*,
But how? ay there, the Difference lies:
The *Virtuoſi* airy Builders,
Church Criticks on the *Father's Shoulders*;
A dapper *Beau* on *high-heel'd Shoes*,
And one upon a *hide-bound Muſe*,
Attempts the *Bays* in ardent Hope,
And thruſts his Head into a *Rope*.
See!—a *High-Prieſt*, moſt filthy fat,
Striving a main, without his *Hat*,

Quite

Quite out of *Breath*,—pray think 't no Libel
Preſs'd for a Scarf, and dropt his *Bible*:
For Empire ſome embrac'd a *Cloud*,
Some ſought a *Robe*, and found a *Shrowd*;
One *Sillier ſtill!* —— will have a *Wife*,
He has! —— and has her *for his Life*,
A vale of *Hurry*, *Care* and *Strife* ——
Faſting or full, Mankind are *curſt*,
Vainly ſeek Joy, —— then *ſink* to duſt.

THE Farmer's Tale they all approve,
And part in *Peace*, and *mutual Love*.

CONCLUSION.

THIS Hiſtory's ſo much my *own*,
That but for me t' had ne'er been *known*;
And ſerving for a preſent *Laughter*,
May ne'er *may hap* be thought on after;
Such is the Fate of *Author's Pains*,
Beauties they find, but can't find *Brains*;
Now partly publiſh'd on the ſcore
To make th' *World wiſer* than before,
But *chiefly* from a *Draught* impure,
Stole out,—'gainſt my Conſent, *t' be ſure*;
For having ſhown my Scheme to *Quelſh*,
The Import he did *bray*, or *belch*.

So

So *going ſet*, the *Tale* went round,
And telling *him*, told all the *Town*.

It's ſaid that once *Knight* great in *Fame*
As *ours*, ſuch his expos'd his *Shame*,
(In little Minds what *Miſchief* harbours,
This comes of truſting unto *Barbers*.)
Injoin'd a *Secret* not to print,
He dug a *Hole*, and *whiſper'd* in't,
King *Midas* hath the *Ears* of Aſs,
Strange to obſerve what came to *paſs*,
The *Reeds* which *grew* out of that *Ditch*,
Or mov'd by *Breeze*, or blaſt of *Breech*,
Poor *Mida's* ſhame did *blab* and *ſtutter*,
And the whole merry *Secret* utter.

Of old great *Homer* had its *Zoilus*,
The ſame of *right* we claim to *foil us*.
Works never *pleaſe* until *degraded*,
As great *Lights riſe* from being *well ſhaded*.
Beſt of the *kind* all *Inſects* pleaſe,
Fine *Fruit* they thrive by, and *fat Cheeſe*;
Happy the *Work* which Criticks dribble,
That *Cherry's* ſweeteſt which *Birds nibble*;
The *Palm* which by *Oppreſſion grows*,
Is right the Fate of *Verſe* and *Proſe*,
Antenor's Fate 'mong many *more*,
And *Waters check'd* o'ercome the *Shore*:
From *Impetus* of *Rage* I trifle,
But who his *Similes* can ſtifle,

When

When they themſelves ſo kindly *proffer*,
And with ſuch mild Obedience *offer*.
If after large Expence of Wit,
The World encourage this, and it,
And *Leiſure*, *Life*, and *Health* permit,
More of *Knight*'s Fame may ſee the *Light*,
T' the *Heroe*'s, and the *Author's Right*.

FINIS.

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